

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 17, No. 41 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Prop. } Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, AUG. 20, 1904.

Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum [in advance], \$2. Whole No. 873

Things in General

A TTORNEY-GENERAL PUGSLEY of New Brunswick, according to a long and interesting statement in the St. John, N.B., "Telegraph," is not satisfied with the refusal of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to listen to his plea that the representation of his province be not decreased. He and Mr. A. B. Aylesworth argued the case for New Brunswick and P. E. I., and made considerable out of the plea that if Quebec's representation, which is the unit of the representation of other provinces in the House of Commons, be maintained, though Quebec has been largely increased in area, other provinces with no chance to enlarge their boundaries must continue to diminish as the new territory of Quebec is populated. Of course Mr. Pugsley goes too far in suggesting that after Quebec's immense area is filled P. E. I., which began with six representatives, may ultimately have none. This is almost *reductio ad absurdum*, but it is apparently sufficient to prove to two provinces that the B. N. A. Act needs revision. If it were the only proof of the necessity of revision it might be insufficient, but it is only one—and a minor one—of many. The "News," which, though anxious for many reforms, seems to back up and sit on the whippersnappers whenever it comes face to face with a difficulty, in commenting on Mr. Pugsley's attitude says: "For the present a movement to amend the Act of 1867 at vital points is not the wisest course to pursue. The Act is not sacred, of course, and may some day be put into the melting-pot. But in that event the demand for amendments should come from Parliament, rather than any of the Legislatures. It is improbable that anyone would succeed in a radical amendment where so great a man as Joseph Howe failed."

If it is the wisest course to belittle the grievances and exaggerate the difficulties of provinces that are dissatisfied with the B. N. A. Act? While the "News" admits that the Act is not unalterable like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and claims, with technical correctness, that a plea for alteration should come from the Dominion Parliament and not from provincial legislatures, has it ever considered the difficulties of a province with small representation obtaining the co-operation of enough members of the House of Commons to obtain a majority? One of the greatest weaknesses of the B. N. A. Act, as I have previously pointed out, is that it provides no machinery for its revision. Presuming, then, that a province has, or thinks it has, a real grievance, is it likely to nurse the sore spot until the inflammation becomes general, or is it more likely to proceed in some peremptory fashion to make its demands felt?

Changing the venue from New Brunswick and P. E. I. to Ontario, consider the situation which would be created if a strong leader were to arise, conduct an uncompromising campaign against all connection between Church and State—including the abolition of exemption from taxation of churches and church property and the discontinuance of Separate schools—carry the province with him, as he no doubt would by an overwhelming majority, and demand of the Dominion Parliament that a remedial act be passed and the Imperial consent petitioned for—where would we be at?

Even if the demand for such remedial legislation should recognize that Quebec should be released from that portion of the bond allowing Protestant Separate schools in that province where the Public schools are Catholic, would the representatives of Quebec consent to an alteration of the terms of the original pact? Would it not be argued that if the original document were to be altered to suit Ontario in this regard, it would have to be altered again and again either to suit Ontario in some other respect or in obedience to the demand of some other provinces or partnership of provinces? Furthermore, would it not be insisted that if this so-called toleration of a religious empire within an empire, so to speak, were to cease, the toleration of the dual languages would be the next to disappear in Federal affairs? It would be an unfortunate thing if this line of argument were followed, but it really brings us back to the point at which Attorney-General Pugsley finds himself. The grievance of New Brunswick and P. E. I. is a Federal matter. The objection Ontario has to Separate schools being fastened on to the body politic is a purely provincial matter with a reflex action in Quebec.

A Catholic gentleman speaking to me the other day said that he feared that if the Separate school question were again opened up in Ontario it would create an insistent demand for the abolition of these schools, which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would receive the support of all Protestants but the most politically hidebound, and all the liberal-minded Catholics. He quite agreed with me that Sir William Meredith only went far enough to alienate the Catholics without drawing to himself non-Catholics irrespective of party, as he would have done had he declared for the abolition of Separate schools. "I am sure," said he, "that such a campaign in Ontario would result in an enormous majority demanding a change of the B. N. A. Act in this respect. And the change would have to be made. If the greatest province of Canada, paying three-fifths of the taxes, were to make such a demand, even if the Dominion Parliament would not listen to it, the Imperial Parliament would be forced to take action. This action would be with regard to an instrument which has its continued force because passed by the Imperial Parliament and is subject to change at their hands alone." While this gentleman strongly favored the abolition of Separate schools he cautioned me not to mention his name in the matter or the clerics would make him sorry he spoke. I agree with him on every point, though I confess I have been somewhat reluctant to put it as strongly as he did lest I might appear to stand alone in an extreme, though by no means revolutionary, position. Twenty years ago I participated in an incipient agitation for a revision of the B. N. A. Act, but was persuaded to abandon it by organizations which led me for the time to believe that the necessity for changes would disappear as years wore on. To-day I am more firmly convinced than ever that we must have a radical change in the basis of our citizenship, in this province at least, and that Ontario can no longer afford to permit any section of the community to divert taxes raised for educational purposes to the propaganda of the Hierarchy, that the canon law stands superior to the civil law. No matter how we may disagree with our Public school system and the policy pursued by the Government in its management of Public schools, we all agree that the education offered is sound in a national sense, and over eighty per cent. of the people of Ontario are quite convinced that the Separate school system not only tends to a division of the people into more or less opposing groups, but that the education offered by it is unsound as regards the relation of the citizen to the State.

THE streak of cussedness in human nature has queer ways of showing itself. In Tuesday's Police Court a man named Ross got sixty days' hard labor in default of a fifty dollar fine, for ringing half a dozen fire alarms the night before. He pleaded drunkenness, as usual when a man has to account for a fool-freak, though he must have been fairly sober to cover as much ground as he did in reaching half a dozen fire alarm boxes. Probably he had in mind Dr. Sheard's criticism of the fire brigade, that they did not take enough exercise, and laid himself out to give them a busy night. In the same court a man named Lennie was arraigned for beating his wife into insensibility with a rolling-pin. He had no defence but that she had summoned him for non-support. She was just dressing to go to the Police Court to have her complaint heard, when he paid her an early morning call and mauled her nearly to death. It is hard to account for these things or to adapt the gentle doctrine preached by the Quakers in session here this week, that kindness is the best means of controlling the evil propensities of human nature, to the treatment of them.

I have a sincere respect for the Society of Friends; their doctrines and example harmonize so well and so strongly tend towards good citizenship. Honest and peaceful, they avoid litigation, make no noise in politics, and do not either individually or collectively use their religion to obtain recognition or subsidies from the State. Their organization is not a very

great one, but it has been of incalculable benefit to the world, and like Unitarianism and other so-called heterodox teachings, that of the Quakers has done much to modify the views and conduct of other denominations. Such people as Ross and Lennie—and there are many of them—not only accentuate the Friends' plea for greater care in the bringing up of children, but put into the list of impossibilities the idea of everyone being so constituted as to be amenable to kindness. All men are not alike cussed in delighting in the pain and annoyance of others, but all of them have some of it in them. While there can be no general rule of treating everybody always with kindness, the world would doubtless be a mighty sight better if the plan were tried with all children and only abandoned when found to be a failure in particular instances. Among grown-up people kindness shown is generally well measured to conform with the kindness received. In actual practice, no doubt, the Friends conform more to this modified proposition than they do to their own, and it would be well for the world if there were more of them.

HONORABLE MR. PARENT, Premier of Quebec, has been nominated as representative of the Government on the G. T. P. Board, and a better selection could not have been made, for Mr. Parent is not only an honest and able man, but will satisfy the French-Canadians, who doubtless would have made complaint if their nationality had seemed to have been ignored in the management of this quasi-government project. Speaking before this appointment, the "News" satirically urged the selection of a French-Canadian "lest a frightful war of races would result." Its ironical remark was by no means intended to be racially offensive, but furnished an excellent text for a protest against "the absurd lengths to which political exigencies carry us in this country." It is bad enough to be continually busy in a national sense, to keep from stepping on racial corns; it is worse to be eternally dodging about and ignoring principles, prudence and propriety—three very important p's—for fear we may offend that religio-political organization which keeps itself

considerately used and paid nearly double the wages given to ordinary help. The experiment is said to be a qualified success, and as no one is allowed to go from the school into service until thoroughly trained, employers may have every confidence in being well served. The school is also used as a Home where these trained women may sojourn when out of employment. It seems to me not only a good thing for helpless women of the better class socially, but also for helpless families of the better class financially. The social knowledge of the servant must prove of infinite benefit to those who are well-to-do financially but are only partially acquainted with the refinements of living.

Much sympathy is also felt for the religious rendered homeless and helpless by the breaking up of the unregistered convents in France. The members of these religious orders are almost invariably drawn from the ranks of the well-to-do, and probably many of them took refuge in convents on account of bereavements separating them from family or fortune, or both. Those who had money doubtless followed the general rule of endowing a religious order with all their worldly wealth, and with the dismemberment of the order find themselves both without home and fortune. The eyes that look upon the gentle-faced sisters of mercy who go about the streets of every city even pretending to civilization, must be cold and cynical indeed if they see anything but beautiful self-denial and a gentle striving to be of use to others in the patient faces of these religious. The sisters of mercy, welcome everywhere, of use everywhere, will not be the ones who suffer, but those who have been cloistered and have so spent their days and nights in solitude and prayer as to unfit them for anything but a continuation of their self-imposed renunciation of the world, will surely find the change most disturbing. I believe as absolutely in the goodness of these religious women as I do that they are useless in this workaday world, where it seems to me it is the duty of everyone not only to be virtuous, but to help others to be good. If, as reported—reported, possibly, to obtain sympathy for the religious and to create prejudice against the French Government—these in-

census taken at the close of the war, which occurred shortly after the expulsion of Dom Pedro from Brazil (1889), showed a proportion of thirteen women to one man. It is a poor place for farming, though vegetation of a semi-tropical sort grows so luxuriantly as to be coarse in texture. The great difficulty is in finding a market for the exports. Sugar is now grown so plentifully almost everywhere that to grow it for export it must be bounty-fed, and meets countervailing duties in foreign ports. Most magnificent tobacco is grown in Paraguay, but there is no market for it except to a limited extent in Argentina, where, strangely enough, much tobacco from Virginia is imported, of an inferior quality to that of Paraguay, but milder in flavor. In Argentina, Paraguayan tobacco is partially boiled, the extracted nicotine being made into dope to kill sheep-ticks, and the reduced leaf made into cigarettes. Paraguay is a poor country to go to, difficult of access, uncertain of government, and warmer than is comfortable.

CONGRESSMAN McCALL of Massachusetts, in speaking at Harvard not long ago, pointed out as one of the great perils threatening the United States "the partnership between great financial interests and the press." In his opinion "money, not brains, wealth, not convictions, are the necessary bases of large newspaper enterprise." The proprietor of a great newspaper must necessarily be a rich man, and thus his interests are identical with those of other rich men—interests which it must be assumed are by no means identical with those of the average man. A community of interest among the owners of great newspapers is gradually being established, and as a result powerful papers are adding to the power of great financiers, promoters, political corruptionists and the beneficiaries of legislation, while on the other hand these beneficent "grafters" are adding to the power and wealth of the rich newspapers to such an extent as to make competition with them almost impossible, and he predicts that there shall be "news barons" as well as "steel barons." Ultimately, he fears that the newspapers will naturally divide into two classes, those "smugly proclaiming to the multitude the freedom so full of blessing to themselves," and "the struggling, short-lived newspaper wildly crying out for liberty and smearing on the yellow in order to gain a living support." Between the two sorts, he goes on to say, "most people would not be on the side of the sleek, thoroughly commercialized champion of privilege, trying to lead public opinion in the direction of its own interests, baffling justice in her eternal struggle to give one measure to all men," but would be on the side of the "miserable starveling yellow sheet crying out against a system of government for the benefit of the few."

Considerable newspaper comment since the St. Louis convention has been in the direction of identifying the support given to Parker by the leading newspapers of the United States, with the preference of great corporate interests for a safe candidate—one who, if elected, will be unlikely to disturb the financial interests of the magnates. The Republican papers consider it significant that "while the majority of the newspapers throughout the country—those least likely to be influenced by improper motives—will support Roosevelt, only one of the great morning papers of New York—the city which is the center of corporate interests—upholds his candidacy. The 'Sun,' the 'Times,' the 'Herald,' the 'World,' are for Parker," who is called the nominee of Wall street. In various quarters the newspapers are not backward in stigmatizing certain of the New York newspapers as being controlled by Rockefeller, the Morgan group of financiers, and others. Hearst, the ex-candidate, is of the circuit of yellow newspapers, is being sued for \$100,000 libel by a newspaper which he editorially accused of belonging to Mr. Morgan.

All this is interesting to Canadians only as it accentuates the too well founded fear that leading Canadian newspapers are by no means free from the same class of ownership and influences. As New York is the center of the great publication enterprises of the United States, so Toronto is the center of a similar but smaller sort in Canada. The influence of newspapers proceeding from such a center is great—greater, perhaps, than it ought to be. In local matters the newspapers in smaller places are greatly influenced by local interests, but in large matters they are apt to speak their minds much more freely and be guided by purer motives than those described by Congressman McCall as "thoroughly commercialized." Even if the big papers of a city like Toronto are not all controlled, or at least not completely controlled, by corporate influences, they are at least controlled by their advertisers, upon whom they rely almost altogether for support. Notwithstanding their large circulations there is not a daily paper in Toronto which could begin to half-live on what is paid for it by the subscriber. Eager as they are for news, not one of them, it will be noticed, will ever attack even the wildest kind of wild-cat scheme if fatteried by any financial concern which controls advertising patronage. The desperate rush is to get a large circulation in the hope of getting a large advertising patronage, and the means adopted to get this circulation, it is to be feared, is not by obtaining a reputation for being on the side of the people inalienably and always, but by giving an excess of sensational news or by pandering to some particular element, or by practically giving the paper away.

THE advent of a Russian heir is to be made the occasion of the removal of the knout from the backs of Russian prisoners and peasants. If Russian reforms are to come singly with the birth of royal boys, the Czarina will have a big family before Russia will be a good imitation of a free country. A couple more Jew killings indicate that affliction has not reduced the anti-Semitic impulses of the Russian as shown at the Kishineff massacre. It seems strange to read in the cables of "religious riots" at Ostrowitz and at Sedlitz, at which hundreds of Jews were reported wounded and some killed. Of course these reports are partially denied by the Department of Police, though they admit that twenty were wounded and one killed at Ostrowitz, and only a few wounded in the Province of Sedlitz. They would probably have us believe that the ammunition used in the latter place was only Sedlitz powder.

THE suggestion that the Exhibition Association should invite Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, the commander of the British fleet on the North Atlantic station, to open the Exhibition, is a good one. No doubt if Sir Wilfrid Laurier had felt that his health justified him in performing the function the people of this province would have given him a warm welcome. The Exhibition Board would do well to take the advice of the "News" and invite the Admiral, who is a Canadian by birth and was coming to Toronto anyway, to bring with him as many as possible of his officers and men. An exhibition of bluejackets and their guns would not only be an attractive feature of the Exhibition, but would be worth acres of editorial in bringing the public to understand a little something of what the British navy means and Canada's duty towards contributing to its support.

Such a thing as permitting a large number of bluejackets to leave their ships for an inland visit is quite possible. I happened to be in the City of Mexico during Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1897. Some British warships were at Vera Cruz. At the invitation of the British residents of Mexico several hundred men were permitted shore leave, lasting about a week; special trains were provided over the Mexican Railway (owned by British capitalists); money was raised in Mexico City for their entertainment, and the jolly tars came on and had the jolliest kind of a jolly time. It was reported in the English-speaking papers that the officers in charge gave them absolute liberty when they arrived at Mexico City, only telling them to conduct themselves as British sailors should. Free drinks ranging from pulque to champagne were at their disposal in all the first-class bars of the city, the reception committee guaranteeing payment where the entertainment was not volunteered by the proprietors yet if any of them got tips they were cared for by their comrades and made no public exhibition of themselves. A concert was given in one of the theaters, at which the sailors sang, wrestled, danced and gave recitations, and made fun for everybody. They rode the cab horses, the street



DOING HIS BEST.

An English paper suggests that John Bull should make himself more attractive to Canada and Australia.

still more separate from the majority of the people than even a difference of race and language could excuse. The "News" makes a good point in suggesting that the French-Canadian director of the Grand Trunk "will not be doing his duty if he allows any Scotch iron, English tiles or Irish grades on the line, and all the proceedings of the Board should be conducted in both languages—simultaneously." Bi-lingual proceedings in the Railroad Board would not be more out of place than in the Dominion Parliament, much as may be said in favor of both French and English in the Legislature of Quebec. Optimists hope that this sort of thing will die out in time. Will it ever?

GENTLEWOMEN in straitened circumstances excite the sympathy of even those poorer than themselves. One naturally imagines that those who have been well-to-do must find poverty especially bitter. The peasant who has never known anything but sordid toil and unsympathetic surroundings is supposed to have no yearnings after a better condition, except an occasional pang of envy may be classed as such. Much must depend, however, upon those we classify as gentlewomen. The really gentle nature stands adversity with a sweet fortitude absolutely lacking in those ordinarily classified as gentlewomen either because they are proud or unaccustomed to work. The really well-bred woman is more accustomed to self-sacrifice than those who have to toil, for not an hour passes without bringing to those surrounded by luxury and a throng of friends, acquaintances and dependents, an opportunity of self-denial—that class of self-denial which is absolutely imperative to those who have a high station to maintain. The discipline arising from such a life makes honorable poverty endurable, though it does not afford a preparation to escape any of the bruses which come to those who do not know how to make a living. Fortunately those better trained for the battle of life by necessitous youth are inclined to be indulgent, and even generous, to these gentle unfortunates, who are apt to be so wofully useless. Those who have simply had money and lost it are liable, lacking the fortitude brought about by discipline, to continually bemoan their losses; to them luxury means nothing but an easy idleness, poverty seems worse than death, and their wails are annoying but fruitless.

Much is being written about schools carried on in London in which impudent gentlewomen are fitted for domestic service. They are trained on the same plan as hospital nurses are prepared for their work, wear a uniform, and maintain the same distinction from menials as is insisted upon by the trained nurse. Chamber- and parlormaids and cooks of this class find no difficulty in obtaining situations where they are

mates of the abolished convents are being forced to take to domestic service, the hardship of their lot must appeal to us all. Yet at many points in the world's history have similar occurrences appealed to the sympathetic, while the events themselves have tended to the betterment of social and religious conditions. I can conceive of no grander thing for France than the change of these cloistered lives into active elements for the good of others. The moral and religious benefits to the thousands of worldly homes into which these good women would enter as servants or companions are incalculable. It seems to me that it will be difficult to prove that the religious will be subjected to severer sacrifices than they imposed upon themselves in the convents of their choice, or that they will accomplish less good in the homes than in the cloisters.

The great law of average, of compensation, of the survival of what is best, of the return of the moisture to the clouds which gave it forth as rain, of the changing of river-beds and channels to afford the rushing waters a channel of escape when they overwhelm the land—everything in the vast and benevolent organization of the world's forces seems to tend mightily towards the restoration of that which had seemed to be lost and to the balancing of those things which seem to have become unequal.

A TEXAN has been visiting Ottawa and has decided to establish a model town of the Universal Brotherhood variety in proximity to the Capital. He proposes to call the place Philanthropy, and the appropriateness of the name to anything in the neighborhood of Ottawa is obvious. They could probably colonize Mr. Davis, who has the lighting contract of the Cornwall Canal, and provide farms for the Senators while they are drawing their indemnity at the Capital. Similar schemes elsewhere have been failures, perhaps owing to the lack of colonization material and a market for votes, which Ottawa affords in abundance. A Canadian industry of this sort should be encouraged, for it appears that considerable alarm is felt for the safety of a couple of Toronto ladies, Mrs. Jacks and Mrs. McLeod, who with their husbands colonized themselves in Paraguay in conjunction with a number of adventurous and philanthropic English folks. A revolution is now raging in South America in their neighborhood, and their friends in this city feel considerable anxiety as to their probable fate. I had hardly thought that there were enough men left in Paraguay to get up an able-bodied revolution. For thirty years the republic in the interior of South America fought with Brazil over a line fence dispute of some sort, until there were practically no more soldiers between fourteen and sixty years of age to be killed off. A rude

ear horses, climbed the telegraph poles, and were permitted to do as they pleased. The Mexicans were hugely delighted and the sailors had the time of their lives. After the jollification got fully under way some of the Britishers feared that it might go too far, but nothing happened; and though I still consider it was a dangerous experiment in a foreign country, the officers doubtless knew what they were about, for no one was granted shore leave who had any black marks against him. If visit three or four hundred miles inland were possible in Mexico, surely a trainload of tars could be brought up from Halifax if Toronto and the Exhibition Board were prepared to pay the shot—the free booze omitted, of course.

A SORT OF epidemic of yellowness seems to be going the rounds of the Toronto daily papers. So far two evening papers have fallen victims to the malady and show symptoms that would lead one to believe they are suffering from rather painful attacks. One day last week a sensational report from the United States claimed that a man had been struck on the back by lightning and a faint suggestion of an imperfect cross was imprinted on his skin. A day or two later one of our evening papers came out with what was alleged to be a portrait of the man and a photograph of his back—showing a perfect cross bearing the figure of Christ! To employ a more vigorous term, this is yellowness with a vengeance. This week a local ruffian pounded his wife over the head with a rolling-pin until she was insensible—and out came the rival journals with photographs of two different houses, each claiming to be the place where the assault occurred. In a notorious saloon in the Bowery, New York, there is a picture-frame hanging on the wall in which may be seen a crumpled piece of paper bearing a dirty-looking blotch, and beneath the blotch is the legend: "Charlie Mitchell's blood, wiped from the ring after his fight with John L. Sullivan, 18—." There is an idea for the "News" and "Star." They might have their photographers follow the police around and take snapshots of any gore that may chance to be spilled in their presence. They might be able to secure samples of the real thing, and though they could not easily furnish it as a premium to new subscribers they could readily turn out facsimiles that would serve the purpose. Such a scheme should prove of great value in building up circulation among the class to which these papers seem determined to cater. They might as well do the business up properly while they are at it.

B UNCOED out of what should have been hers at the conclusion of her war with China, Japan appears determined that she shall be the victim of no diplomatic funny business during the present little disturbance with Russia. Scrupulously punctilious in her observance of the conventionalities which the great powers have established as a code of war, humane in her treatment of prisoners and of the wounded, careful to bury the dead and to show herself to be a civilized power, Japan has been under the searchlight of the nations from the very beginning of hostilities. The Russians have made charges against the Japs of inhumanity, but nothing of the sort has been established, though it is known that the Russians let hundreds of Japanese from sinking vessels drown without offering to save them, while the Japs, instead of pursuing the enemy, took infinite pains to save the sailors of the "Burik," over six hundred of whom, naked and shivering, were pulled aboard Japanese boats after the fight with the Vladivostock raiders. If Japan had been given Korea after she whipped China she would have seen that causes for the present war were not multiplied by Russia, and while she may have violated the international neutrality code by towing the Russian destroyer out of a Chinese harbor, and may give offence by her bold front in demanding the Russian war vessels be not repaired in neutral harbors, and then emerge for destructive purposes, Japan is wise to have the line drawn when the sympathy of the world is with her, instead of waiting until Russian intrigue can play the flimflam game as it was played before.

IN the Presidential campaign in the United States this year, strenuousness is not to be the monopoly of the two principals. Though Mr. Roosevelt and Judge Parker are taking eight-foot fences before breakfast, tossing boulders around as if they were rubber balls, breaking swimming records and ripping things up generally, the candidates for the Vice-Presidency are giving them a hard run for their reputations. Senator Fairbanks, the Republican candidate, has so far distanced his Democratic rival in the contest of muscle. He is reported to have been annoyed by an unsightly old tree standing in a forest through which he chanced to be walking the other day. What did he do? Order a man to fetch an axe and chop the offender down? No. That would not have been according to the Roosevelt doctrine. He removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and yanked at the rotten trunk for an hour. Finally he seemed to tire of the job. He got into his coat again and resumed his journey. But presently the thought occurred to him that this wasn't the way to win a Yankee political contest. He retraced his steps, tackled the tree once more, and at the end of another hour or so the cause of his displeasure fell with a crash—and the Senator's stock immediately jumped fifty per cent. Republican partisans profess to see in the

**THE CROWN BANK
OF CANADA**
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL
\$2,000,000.00
TORONTO BRANCH—J. A. READY, Manager.

Women's Room.
Women are invited to make use of the Women's Room, which has been specially designed and fitted for their convenience, apart from the Commercial Department.
EDITH LAMBE, Manager Women's Department.

**THE
HOME SAVINGS
AND LOAN COMPANY
LIMITED**
In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854.
HEAD OFFICE:
78 Church St.
Toronto
Branch "A"
522 Queen W.
Cor. Hackney
ASSETS, \$3,000,000.00
3½% Interest allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents upwards. Withdrawable by Cheques.
OFFICE HOURS:
9 A.M. TO 4 P.M.—SATURDAYS 9 A.M. TO 1 P.M.
OPEN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT 7 TO 9 O'CLOCK.
JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

**A Tower of Strength which
Weathers all the Winds**
In the safe deposit vaults of this company the box we rent for a small sum per year is just as secure as our largest safes. The charges vary according to size, but the security is the same in every case. We are always glad to furnish full information, and we cordially invite inspection of our vaults.

The Trusts & Guarantee Co., Limited
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, \$2,000,000.00
CAPITAL PAID UP, \$800,000.00
Office and Safe Deposit Vaults :: 14 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

triumph of Fairbanks over the dying tree a sign of his defeat of Mr. Davis, the Democratic candidate. But Davis, though eighty-one years old, refused to believe for a minute that there is anything in the superstitious theory. While Fairbanks was fighting it out in the forest, the "Grand Old Man of the South" was doing a few strenuous stunts himself. According to the newspaper of his party, he spent the day working as a common laborer on his farm, holding up his end with the youngest of his fifteen employees—and at night did another day's work in his office. It is after reading guff of this kind that the electors of the United States are expected to grow enthusiastic and turn out and vote for men who perform these wonders. One would think that the most convincing proof of a candidate's qualification for an important public office would be some unusual intellectual achievement. But in the United States this seems not to be the case. The chances are Roosevelt, Parker, Fairbanks and Davis know what their people want, and they are going to give it to them even if they have to rip the horses and strain their backs to do it.

A CATHOLIC paper intimates that I am one of those suspicious people who are continually seeing signs of hierarchical intrigue where no intrigue exists. While I should not like to be classed with the weak-minded and suspicious, continually afraid of a traditional ghost, I do not know that such a situation would be more humiliating than to be grouped with the credulous and careless, at all times blind or indifferent to the unpatriotic and unsettling political propaganda of the Bishops. At the present moment the Hierarchy is straining every nerve to upset the settlement of the Manitoba school question which followed the refusal of remedial legislation in 1896. We are all aware that Archbishop Langevin scorned the even generous terms allowed the Church by the amendments to the School Act passed by the Manitoba Legislature in 1897. The stubborn resistance of all attempts of the majority to work in reasonable harmony with the leaders of the minority no doubt caused the Roman Catholics of Winnipeg considerable expense and annoyance in maintaining parochial schools in unsuitable and frequently unsanitary buildings. Throughout those sections of the Province of Manitoba where the Catholics were in the majority the policy of resistance has been more effective. Letters published in the Winnipeg "Tribune" and recently copied in the Toronto "News" indicate that in many places so-called Public schools are held in convents, which actually receive from the municipalities and the provincial grant not only enough to support the schools, but to practically endow the religious institutions. The nuns teach in the dress of the various orders they represent, crucifixes are prominently displayed, kissed by the teachers and presented to the scholars for the same salvation. The text-books have been changed from the authorized readers to those of a Catholic variety, and even the Protestant children, whether those of the locality or boarders in the convents, are not free from proselytizing influences. Mr. Alfred G. Hepworth, writing from St. Laurent, says the education afforded in these schools is such that those who go as Protestants soon conform to the Roman Catholic creed. The change of creed would seem unimportant to me if I did not believe the struggle of the Hierarchy to establish temporal power in every community and in every country is a damage to good citizenship, insomuch as a good citizen must have his first loyalty to the State. I consider from a national point of view the continual intriguing of the Hierarchy to upset their adherents to put the Church—temporal power pretensions and all—first and the State afterwards, demoralizing and disloyal. The refusal of the Hierarchy to accept the laws of a province as final in the matter of Public schools is not a good example to the coming citizens whom they insist upon teaching. If the pupils are taught that the Church can properly evade laws and disregard governments in one matter, it seems to me evident that they will grow up with no reverence for any law excepting that of the Church; and as these laws occasionally appear to come in conflict with the laws of the State, the State is necessarily damaged. It is, then, the duty of the State to protect itself from such aggressions. The correspondent quoted from admits that in his locality the Catholics are greatly in the majority, but he says "they do not pay the school rates and taxes that support the school. The taxes are collected from the non-residents, therefore the cry of taxing the Catholics to educate the Protestants would not be the case here."

Premier Roblin is after votes in Manitoba, as Premier Ross and his predecessors are and were after votes in Ontario, and the Manitoba Premier appears to have taken a leaf out of the book of Ontario in administering the school law so as to make it little more than a farce, though an excellent means of giving the Hierarchy what they want in exchange for the votes of their adherents. It is not pleasant, I am aware, for progressive Roman Catholics to hear or see any reference to the "Roman Catholic vote" as something that may be dealt with as pretty much of a unit. They claim that Roman Catholics vote individually, uninfluenced by the Church and regardless of whether their votes please the Bishops or not. This is doubtless true in some instances, but recent events have demonstrated that the "Roman Catholic vote" in many, if not all, cases considers itself an entity. In Sturgeon Falls, for instance, the Separate School Board held up the municipality when a bonus-vote was impending, until an illegal agreement was signed giving a share of the school taxes of the new industry to the Roman Catholic schools. The Separate School Board of St. Catharines threatened to do the same, but the agitation resulting from the Sturgeon Falls affair was too recent, the effort threatened to be a failure and was abandoned. In Cornwall a couple of industrial concerns were applying for bonuses; the representatives of the Hierarchy were afraid to attempt obtaining an open agreement, but it is stated that the subsidized companies were induced to promise not only to "pay the regular Public school tax on the assessment of their property, but in addition a sum equivalent to the share of the Separate School Board" on pain of having the bonus-by-laws opposed by the Catholic vote. Two years ago, it is alleged, a carefully concealed clause was put in the agreement with the Cornwall Furniture Company when they were applying for a bonus, which gave the Separate School Board a share in the taxes, contrary to the spirit of the law. This is certainly using, or threatening to use, the "Catholic vote" in a way which must be demoralizing not only to the beneficiaries of such evasions of the statutes, but to the citizens of a country generally, and the Hierarchy cannot evade the responsibility for these evidences of contempt for the civil law.

If this sort of intrigue is not sufficient to excite criticism and alarm I know of nothing but the fear of death or disease that can be said to properly create anxiety. Either the individual or institution that under the guise of religion endeavors to obtain that which does not belong to him or it, is an insidious and pharisaical plotter, doubly dangerous to every law-abiding citizen because of the cloak of hypocrisy, and I care not whether the individual be a Methodist financier or the institution a Roman Catholic church.

NEXT to Africa the United States has more negroes than any other country—nine and a quarter millions—ninetenths of whom are in the Southern States. About two-thirds of these are engaged in agriculture, the other third apparently trying their hand at almost everything else. There are over 21,000 teachers, and the same number of carpenters and joiners. Clergymen and barbers are not quite so numerous. There are 14,000 each dressmakers and masons, about the same number of engineers and firemen, 10,000 blacksmiths, nearly 4,000 musicians and teachers of music, and nearly 300 artists and teachers of art. The census of 1900, which gives these figures, indicates that negroes are a short-lived race, and half of the black population of the United States is below nineteen years of age, while the median line for the whites is twenty-three. It is noticeable that the proportion of negroes in the United States in 1900 is less than ten per cent. of the whole population, while in 1790 it was between nineteen and twenty per cent. While the white population is evidently increasing much faster than the colored race and has greater vitality, nearly 10,000,000 of a despised and mostly illiterate population would, if acting unitedly, make terrible trouble. Illiteracy is decreasing, it is evident that a certain culture is not unusual, and it seems more than possible that the black race in the United States will yet develop leaders and an organization sufficient to make itself a real and perhaps dangerous political, as it is now a disagreeable social, factor in the Republic.

SPEAKER CANNON of the United States House of Representatives is a victim of all the popular delusions of his fellow countrymen. In an interview the other day, the general subject of which was a wholesale boast of the genius, attainments and future of the Yankee and his republic, he naturally turned aside to settle the destiny of Canada. "Canada is already almost a part of the United States," he said. "It may remain still tied to England in a nominal way, but as time goes on it will become American in sympathy and

more and more American in population and industry. It is a land of vast undeveloped resources which are to be opened up by our people." It is evidently the certainty of a great rush of immigration from the United States which furnishes Speaker Cannon with his idea—an idea generally held on the other side of the boundary—that this country is bound soon to become "Americanized." An examination of human nature or a slight knowledge of history would soon remove this error. Look at the American colonists before there was a United States. They came from Great Britain—and were British subjects. But that did not make them any more willing to sacrifice their own interests that they might keep up their connection with the Mother Country. The citizens of the United States who come into Canada have no such strong reason for hoping that this country will some day become part of the Union, as the founders of the Republic had for remaining British subjects. The great majority of them were either born in Europe or their fathers were born there. Their patriotic sentiment is, therefore, not so strong as would be the case if they had been for centuries native to the land that they have left. They come to a country that has no political connection with the States, but a country where almost the same language is spoken. They soon understand us as well as they understand each other. They desire to have a voice in the government. This necessitates their becoming British subjects—and a natural pride in their new home stimulates the spirit of competition which is a noted characteristic of the people of or from the United States, and in a short time they are the most vigorous opponents of annexation that we have. They come to Canada because of the opportunities that this country furnishes for improving their condition. They, therefore, have no desire to assist in bringing the Republic after them, and with it the conditions which they previously found sufficiently unattractive to leave behind. I have yet to hear that it is characteristic of the shrewd Yankee, when he discovers a good thing, to call in all his neighbors to share it.

ACCORDING to the evening papers, Rev. Mr. Catteneau of Winnipeg, formerly of Fergus, charges someone—and a detective has selected a man named Baldwin, who was C. P. R. baggageman at Fort William—with stealing a combination shotgun and rifle and some five hundred dollars' worth of sermons, shipped in his baggage by the reverend gentleman when he moved from Fergus to Winnipeg. The minister must have had a warning of the sort of congregation he would have in the Western city when he went prepared to instill divine grace into the Winnipegers with a shotgun if necessary. Perhaps if he had not lost his old sermon he might have needed the rifle part of the combination to convince his hearers that he was an up-to-date preacher. I can imagine a baggageman hankering for a shotgun, but what did he want with the sermons?

THE "Mail and Empire" one day this week forgot to editorially read "Keep both hands on the Union Jack," but made up for it by ridiculing the design of a Canadian flag proposed twenty years ago, as being too much like a rag carpet. Since the design was offered Canada has been given a special flag by the Imperial authorities and the subject properly dropped, but the "M. and E." should not be reminiscent for at a more recent period it was well remembered the "Mail" end of the combination not only let go of the Union Jack, but had hold of the Stars and Stripes with at least one of its none too clean hands.

DR. SHEARD'S criticism of the dirty condition of our streets has called forth strong protests from those persons who believe that nothing of an uncomplimentary nature concerning the city should ever be published. It seems to me that the Health Officer's remarks were very apt, and the prompt action of the Retail Merchants' Association in appealing to the Board of Control for relief from the dust nuisance is well justified. All this summer the streets have been in a worse condition than usual, despite the wet weather which we have had. Dust is not only annoying to the citizens and visitors, and injurious to the stocks of retail merchants, but it is a great menace to health. It has been established that dust flying through the air is largely responsible for the prevalence of consumption. This fact alone should be sufficient to induce the City Council to make every provision necessary for keeping the streets in a good condition. The Board of Control's defense, that street-cleaning is as well looked after in Toronto as it is in the cities of the United States, is no defense at all.

Don'ts for Writers.

DON'T think there are any others. In all likelihood there are not.

Don't think the first subject you strike has ever been used before. The chances are no one has ever thought of it. In any case, it is very probable you will handle it much better than any of your predecessors.

Don't have any doubts that your article will be accepted by the first editor to whom you send it. He has been waiting for you to arrive for a long time.

If you should get it back, don't permit any unpleasant doubts as to its perfection to find a resting-place in your mind. Its return should be attributed to some mistake in the office to which you sent it, or at worst to a deplorable lack of literary taste on the part of the editor.

Don't re-read the manuscript in the hope of finding something that might be changed to make it more suitable from a commercial or other standpoint; but try another magazine or newspaper at once. The postal rates are so absurdly low that you can better afford to send the bundle back and forth a dozen times than waste valuable time in making changes in a masterpiece.

If you should not be able to sell your work after a reasonable number of trials—say forty—don't change your literary style. Merely reduce the number of your acquaintances as much as possible, permit your hair to grow to a distinguished length, smoke a churchwarden pipe, assume an abstracted manner, and you will be able to congratulate yourself that you have established your claim to genius. Genius is, after all, but a matter of difference.

Finally—if you would at some future time make a living by writing, don't follow any of my advice with the exception of this paragraph.

JAQUES.

Examples and Warnings.

"**M**Y young friends," said the up-to-date clergyman, whose long suit was pointing morals and adoring tales for the youthful members of his congregation, "I wish this evening to call your attention to the admirable career of that notable philanthropist and captain of industry, Mr. John Slob. As many of you are doubtless aware, he began life as a day laborer on a backwoods farm, and by habits of thrift and industry won his present position where he is able to build churches and head the list of contributors to the foreign missions. He won his way in the world by scrupulous honesty, and invariably did unto others as he would have others do unto him. Since earliest manhood he has been a consistent church member and worker in the vineyard, and of all our wealthy men he is the one most competent to give an account of his stewardship. In his life, my dear young friends, there are lessons of hope and courage for you all. It matters not how poor you may be, by following his pious example you may become shining lights and win true success."

Several months later the business methods of Mr. Slob landed him in the courts, and the consequent exposures brought down the financial edifice he had erected, like a house of cards. Thousands were involved in ruin, and he was proved to be a hypocrite and double-dealer of the worst kind. Then the up-to-date preacher held forth again.

"My dear young friends: It behoves you all to be warned by the infamous career of John Slob, whose well-deserved failure has brought disgrace on his country. With smooth hypocrisy he won the confidence of honest men and covered his unscrupulous trickery with a cloak of piety. But he now has his reward in the scorn of all true men. From the disgraceful story of his life, my dear young friends, you will see what an evil thing it is to make haste to be rich. Better by far is honest poverty than ill-gotten wealth, and you should learn from this to be satisfied with the little you have."

From this it will be seen that a really sporty moralist catches good things both coming and going, and that everything is grist to the mill of the up-to-date preacher.—The "Iconoclast."

Mrs. Bixby—What do you think of my bathing-dress? Bixby—It's an improvement on your other one; this one is visible to the naked eye.

Wm. Stitt & Co.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Special Importations for early Fall Wear.

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-Made Suits.

Smart Day Gowns Handsome embroidered robes and lace dresses.

Millinery READY-TO-WEAR HATS

Gloves..... Walking and Driving Gloves.

Corsets..... The La Greque and Lattice Ribbon C. B. CORSETS.

READY-TO-WEAR HATS

Hats for early Fall Wear.

Silk and Linen Gloves.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

11 and 13 King Street East, Toronto.

Telephone Main 888.

A House

decorated by us acquires a value either for possession or sale out of all proportion to the cost of the work. Keeping in touch with all that is latest and best in our special work, we can assure you of successful results. We cannot speak in too extravagant terms of our new season's wall hangings and other materials.

The Elliott & Son Co., Limited.
79 KING STREET WEST

GOWANS KENT & CO CUT GLASS

Made in Canada

We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers profit and the duty.

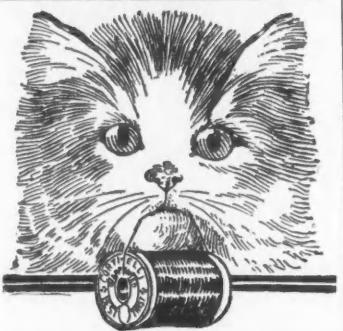
14-16 FRONT ST. E.

We make the

New Box-Pleated Skirt

Also Sun-Burst, Accordion Pleated Ruffles.

FEATHERBONE NOVELTY MFG. CO., Limited



Corticelli SPOOL SILK

Ladies, if you know of anything better than Corticelli Sewing Silk, the secret may make you

FAMOUS



Skirt Protector

"Peculiar wearing qualities.
Perfectly straight selvage."

The colors are fast—the silk the best. Put up in Patent Holders, which prevents waste by tangling or soiling—keeps each shade separate and automatically measures a correct needle.

When soiled, a sponge or brush makes it clean again, and no damage done.

Men Who Walk

all want the
Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe

Send in your name, we will send you sample and circular.

H. & C. Blachford
114 Yonge Street.

Dr. A. Reed stamped on sole and tag.

Orange Meat
The Nation's Cereal



COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO.

And all license Holders,
Telephone Park 140.

The Tale of a Book.

EXHIBIT I.

HER MOTHER—You have always been so interested in Helen, Mrs. Brown, that I'm going to tell you something; but you mustn't breathe it to anyone else. She is writing a novel!

EXHIBIT II.

Mrs. Brown's Daughter—What do you think, girls? Helen Muse is writing a novel!

EXHIBIT III.

Local Paper—I is reported on good authority that one of Clifton's talented young ladies is engaged on a novel. More anon.

EXHIBIT IV.

Her Mother—Yes, but it's a secret. We can't understand how it got into the paper. Helen is quite put out. You come up some time, and maybe I'll let you see part of it.

EXHIBIT V.

Local Paper—Miss Muse's novel on which she has been working for the past six months, is receiving its final touches, we understand. Those who have been permitted a glimpse at the manuscript predict for the book great success.

EXHIBIT VI.

New York, September 2, 1901. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are obliged for your kind favor asking whether we would be disposed to consider, with a view to publication, a novel manuscript by you entitled "Heart for Heart."

We shall be pleased to receive your manuscript and give it our best consideration.

Thanking you for the offer, we beg to remain,

Very truly yours,
BIGGE PUBLISHING CO.

EXHIBIT VII.

Express Receipt—Clifton, Mo., September 4, 1901. Received of Helen Muse, package said to contain MS. Value asked and was given as fifty dollars. Marked Bigge Publishing Co., New York. (Enc.) Endorsed, "Paid 50c."

EXHIBIT VIII.

Local Paper—Miss Muse has received several flattering letters from large Eastern publishing houses, asking that she be given a chance at her novel, "Heart for Heart."

EXHIBIT IX.

New York, September 7, 1901. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We beg to acknowledge receipt of book manuscript entitled "Heart for Heart." It has been handed to our readers, and a report will be sent you as early as possible.

Thanking you for the favor, we are,

Very truly yours,
BIGGE PUBLISHING CO.

EXHIBIT X.

Local Paper—Miss Helen Muse and mother are planning to spend the coming winter abroad.

EXHIBIT XI.

New York, September 12, 1901. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are returning herewith by express the book manuscript "Heart for Heart" which you were kind enough to let us see. We regret that it does not strike us as available for our special needs.

We wish to thank you, however, for your courtesy in remembering us.

Respectfully yours,
BIGGE PUBLISHING CO.

EXHIBIT XII.

Express Notice—Call and get package. Charges 50c.

EXHIBIT XIII.

Her Mother—No; Helen has not decided what publisher is to have her novel.

EXHIBITS XIV—XCVIII INCLUSIVE

Namely—in groups of five, identical with Exhibits VII, IX, XI, save as to the publishing houses, which vary, and Exhibits XII, XIII.

EXHIBIT XCIX.

Local Paper—Miss Helen Muse and mother, who have been planning to go abroad this spring, may remain at home instead, unless the terms of publication of Miss Muse's book, now undergoing publication. It will be remembered that the trip was originally set for the winter, but had to be postponed.

EXHIBIT C.

New York, April 19, 1902. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: In reply to your inquiry of the 17th, we would say that our terms for the consideration and possible sale of a novel of not over 80,000 words are an advance fee of ten dollars, and a commission of ten per cent. on the proceeds from a sale. We shall be pleased to receive your manuscript.

Respectfully,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

EXHIBIT CI.

Express Receipt—Date, April 21, 1902. Manuscript sent to Agency for Writers, New York City. Paid, 50 cents.

EXHIBIT CII.

New York, April 23, 1902. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are in receipt of your favor of April 21, enclosing advance fee of ten dollars on your book manuscript, "Heart for Heart." The manuscript will be given our best attention, and we trust that we shall be able to place it for you successfully.

Thanking you for engaging our services, we are,

Your truly,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

EXHIBIT CIII.

Her Mother—No, we are not going about this. Helen's book is occupying her attention and she does not like to leave. The publishing business is so vexatious.

EXHIBIT CIV.

Mrs. Brown's Daughter—I tell you what! I bet you Helen Muse isn't having such an easy time as she thought she would, with that book of hers. The idea, after all the talk!

EXHIBIT CV.

New York, July 30, 1902. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: In reply to your query of the 23rd, we regret to say that we have not succeeded in placing your book. We hope to do so yet. We are submitting it to publishers right along, and when we have anything definite to report we will communicate with you at once.

Yours truly,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

EXHIBIT CVI.

Local Paper—Miss Helen Muse has accepted a position as stenographer

The Tale of a Book.

EXHIBIT I.

HER MOTHER—You have always been so interested in Helen, Mrs. Brown, that I'm going to tell you something; but you mustn't breathe it to anyone else. She is writing a novel!

EXHIBIT II.

Mrs. Brown's Daughter—What do you think, girls? Helen Muse is writing a novel!

EXHIBIT III.

Local Paper—I is reported on good authority that one of Clifton's talented young ladies is engaged on a novel. More anon.

EXHIBIT IV.

Her Mother—Yes, but it's a secret. We can't understand how it got into the paper. Helen is quite put out. You come up some time, and maybe I'll let you see part of it.

EXHIBIT V.

Local Paper—Miss Muse's novel on which she has been working for the past six months, is receiving its final touches, we understand. Those who have been permitted a glimpse at the manuscript predict for the book great success.

EXHIBIT VI.

New York, September 2, 1901. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are obliged for your kind favor asking whether we would be disposed to consider, with a view to publication, a novel manuscript by you entitled "Heart for Heart."

This is a reliable and energetic house, and has put out a number of successful volumes of fiction. We would advise you to accept the offer, especially since your novel has been declined by so long a list.

Let us know what you think.

Truly yours,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

EXHIBIT VII.

New York, November 16, 1902. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We have your letter of the 13th, in which you authorize us to accept the offer made by Spec & Push of this city for the publication of your novel, "Heart for Heart." We are assured by Mr. Spec that the volume will receive a worthy presentation. The book will appear early in the spring. We are sending you a contract for your signature, also a Spec & Push catalogue.

Congratulating you, we remain,

Faithfully yours,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

EXHIBIT VIII.

New York, December 27, 1902. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are pleased to receive your kind favor asking whether we would be disposed to consider, with a view to publication, a novel manuscript by you entitled "Heart for Heart."

Thanking you for the offer, we beg to remain,

Very truly yours,
BIGGE PUBLISHING CO.

EXHIBIT VII.

Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of your favor enclosing post-office order for \$5, to cover another one hundred clippings concerning your and your book, "Heart for Heart."

We take pleasure in continuing our service.

Yours truly,
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

EXHIBIT CIX.

New York, December 27, 1902. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of your favor enclosing post-office order for \$5, to cover another one hundred clippings concerning your and your book, "Heart for Heart."

We take pleasure in continuing our service.

Yours truly,
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

EXHIBIT CXI.

New York, December 27, 1902. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of your favor enclosing post-office order for \$5, to cover another one hundred clippings concerning your and your book, "Heart for Heart."

We take pleasure in continuing our service.

Yours truly,
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

EXHIBIT CXII.

New York, December 27, 1902. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of your favor enclosing post-office order for \$5, to cover another one hundred clippings concerning your and your book, "Heart for Heart."

We take pleasure in continuing our service.

Yours truly,
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

EXHIBIT CXIII.

New York, December 27, 1902. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of your favor enclosing post-office order for \$5, to cover another one hundred clippings concerning your and your book, "Heart for Heart."

We take pleasure in continuing our service.

Yours truly,
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

EXHIBIT CXIV.

New York, December 27, 1902. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of your favor enclosing post-office order for \$5, to cover another one hundred clippings concerning your and your book, "Heart for Heart."

We take pleasure in continuing our service.

Yours truly,
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

EXHIBIT CXV.

New York, December 27, 1902. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton, Mo.

</div



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office.....} Main 1709

Subscriptions for Canada, United States and Great Britain addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$1.00

Six Months..... 1.00

Three Months..... 50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 20, 1904. No. 41



THERE is going to be a very pretty race for the C. L. A. championship, if all signs do not fail. Last Saturday's Chippewa victory was a good deal of a surprise even to the Irish Indians, who hardly expected to defeat Tecumseh. Our esteemed friend Jupe Pluie came to their rescue, and once more showed that the red-jerseyed twelve are far from being mud horses. But there is a silver lining to the Tecumseh cloud. Last Saturday's event showed clearly that the defeat at the hands of the Capitals, under precisely similar weather conditions, was largely due to the sloppy field. The Tecumsehs are certainly a good match for the Capitals on a dry day. And the same is true of the Chips. It must not be forgotten that the enforced inaction of the Capitals, due to the amazing attitude of the gentlemen who run the N. A. L. A., will set the Ottawa men back very seriously. President Foran is in communication with the C. L. A. teams, and a series of matches seems likely to be arranged. The consistent manner in which Mr. Foran has stood to his guns merits the approval of all lovers of honest sport. It may suit some persons in the East to protest that N. A. L. A. lacrosse is amateur, but Mr. Foran has come out flatfooted in favor of avowed professionalism. The public are with him, for the public are not composed of clowns. The public know that for years paid players have chased the bounding rubber, and the public will stand for professional lacrosse in the East just as the Toronto enthusiasts stand for it. The idea that people will not pay to see professionals play the national game is thoroughly moth-eaten. It should be consigned to the rag-bag.

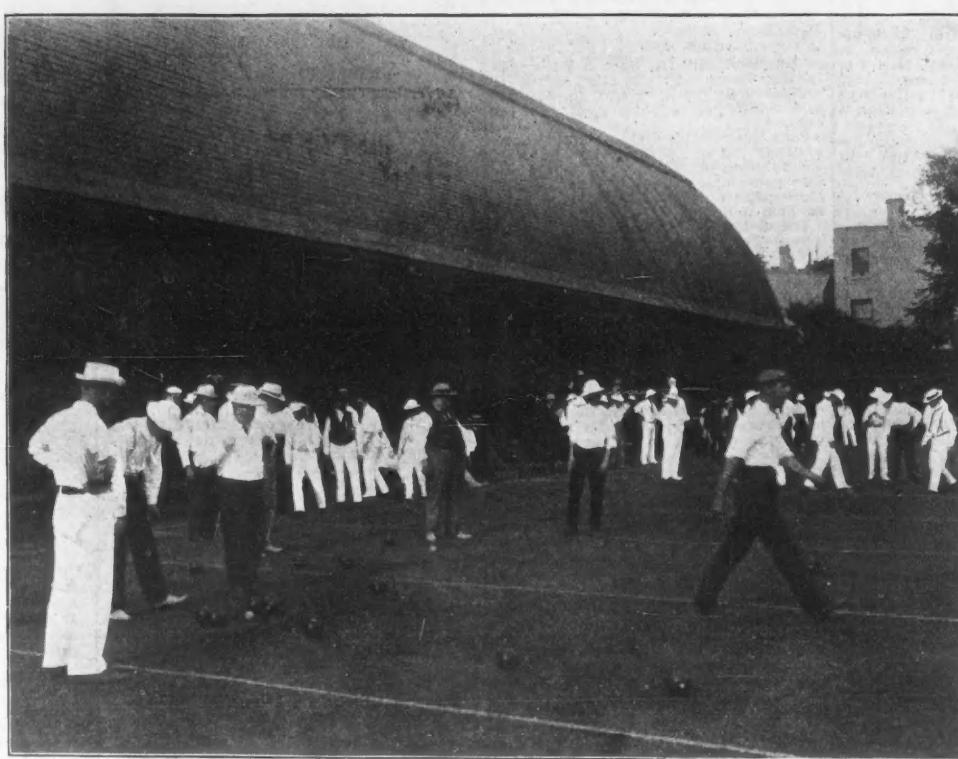
Professional lacrosse will be better than the alleged amateur article. Why? Mainly because the club managers will be able to discipline their players when necessary, just as the ball players are disciplined. Moreover, the players will be anxious to do their best, for good work will bring higher salaries. The greatest difficulty would seem to be in the payment of these salaries. Certainly places of the size of Orangeville or Fergus can never hope to furnish the cheques for salary rolls like those in Brantford and St. Catharines, not to mention Toronto. In this connection I might mention that I had a talk this week with a well-known Hamilton sportsman, who assures me that the Ambitious City will enter senior lacrosse next year. The town is certainly the sportiest place of its size in the land, yet for some years its people have had to go without anything first-class except the football club. Professional ball used to pay, but there has been difficulty of late years in getting together a successful league. The lacrosse club should do well. Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford and St. Kitts would make an ideally compact circuit. The ancient rivalry between Toronto and Hamilton would help things along, and the traveling expenses would be small. If Fred Westbrook could be induced to manage the Hamiltonians, he would be able to give them the best in the land in the way of players. The C. L. A. would by no means be injured by the new Eastern professional league, if it is ever formed. In place of that, there would be a good deal of useful competition.

Perhaps for the first time in the history of Canadian cricket one of our players has made a thousand runs in a season, and Evans, the man in question, has a good chance of adding several hundred more before the bats are oiled and put away for the winter. My knowledge of cricket in Canada runs back, alas! something like twenty-five years, and I believe I am correct in saying that Evans's feat has never been duplicated. Playing here, on our untrustworthy wickets, the Mimico man's record is worth perhaps fifteen hundred runs in England, where the billiard table wickets give the batsmen all kinds of chances. Evans is far from being a pretty bat, but pretty bats are not in fashion nowadays. The time was when it was equal to committing the unpardonable sin for a man to "pull" a ball. Twenty years ago, at Upper Canada College, the boy who dragged an off ball to leg was sternly reprimanded by the coaches. I remember Mr. Jackson—still, to the College's benefit—a master, "jumping on" a boy who in a Trinity School-College match made two score runs, mainly by pulling. "Although you made the runs," said Mr. Jackson, "it would have been better if you had gone out first ball. You pulled atrociously." Mr. Jackson learned his cricket in Tom Brown's old school, and at Rugby all is—or was—traditional. A breach of form was almost as bad as a breach of morals. Nowadays in English cricket the thing is to get the runs. Ranji thinks nothing of cutting a ball off his leg stump if it would do better between point and cover than going to leg. Tradition is not ace-high in cricket nowadays.

My good friend, Michael G. Bristow of Ottawa, registered a warranted kick with me the other day. The Ottawa eleven has been playing here all week, and the protest of Mr. Bristow was against the habit of Toronto cricketers of strolling up to the ground at high noon. One would think that even the most sybaritic and somnolent of cricketers would be able to arise and go forth in time to start play at ten-thirty, but evidently they cannot get to the scene of the match before twelve o'clock. Hence, many draws, or one-inning victories. Hence, also, many ouch words from visiting eleves, who come to Toronto to play cricket and not to loaf around the clubhouse awaiting the arrival of their opponents.

I hear that the Toronto Rowing Club intends to go into the Rugby game this autumn. The cormorants should do well, but I fear that the material is not in Toronto for three senior town teams. When the Argonauts for the second time started chasing the pigskin many prophesied that they would never turn out a first-class team. Events showed that the prophets were wrong. The same may be the case with the Toronto Club, but I still hold to my opinion that the Toronto cannot organize a team that will be in the same class as the club's representatives on the water are. When the time comes around, how would it do to have an amalgamation of the two clubs and call the team, say, the "Oarsmen?"

Burton Holland has been doing some great steeplechase riding at Saratoga. The "Little Un," as his friends dub him, is certainly the greatest gentleman steeplechase jockey

THE DOMINION LAWN BOWLING TOURNAMENT.
Scene on the lawn of the Victoria Club.

in Canada to-day. Nervy, always in form, a master of his mount, Burton is a splendid example of the gentleman amateur. Not many years ago Mr. Holland went to South Africa to fight Boers. He wasn't big enough to enlist, so he took train to Quebec when the first contingent was going away, and stole on board the transport. In other words, he became a stowaway. When he discovered himself, Colonel Otter, at his request, made him his servant. And that was joke; either Burton Holland performed the duties until he became a bugler. And if necessary he could have bought out of his own pocket a bugle for every man in the regiment.

The annual golf tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake is invariably a success, and the indications are that this year's meeting will be no exception to the rule. The tournament begins on Monday, 29th instant, and will last three days. The events will be: Queen's Royal competition, Consolation Cup, Ladies' Open, and Ladies' Handicap. Silver medals, in addition to the trophies, will be given. The weather at Niagara is perfectly splendid just now, and the historic Queen's Royal is sure to entertain a big houseful of guests. Special rates will be in order, and I hear that many reservations of rooms have already been made.

It is very funny how slow my friends the sporting editors of the daily papers are in following anything but baseball, with an entree of lacrosse, so to speak. Their columns are full of clipped baseball items, full of clipped baseball slang. They will not take the trouble to learn the parlance of other sports. Thus, in three daily journals the wired reports of the Seawanhaka races were made absolutely idiotic because they were edited—or unedited—by men who knew absolutely nothing of the grand sport of sailing. In the same way the recent motoring contests at Exhibition Park received far too little notice. In this connection it may be remarked that our up-to-date sporting writers insist on calling the sport "automobiling," a fearful term unknown except in Toronto and Podunk. I beg to lighten the darkness of these young men by informing them that "motoring" is the correct term and that a machine is a "car" or a "runabout," and so forth, instead of being an automobile. Accuracy is something. But it is more to some folk than to others.

OLYMPIAN.

LAWN BOWLING.

THE thirteenth annual tournament of the Dominion commenced on the lawns of the Granite and Victoria clubs on Monday last with the largest number of entries ever received for this event, seventy-five rinks from Ontario and Quebec competing, the latter province being ably represented by the Westmount bowlers of Montreal, under the able guidance of that old Scotch veteran, J. Brown, as skip. Our old friend, Jimmie Laird of Brampton, had to default, meeting, I regret to say, with a serious accident in the breaking of his arm. The action of the R.C.Y.C. in refusing the use of their lawn, as heretofore, left the committee no choice but to divide the competition between the Granite and Victoria

lawns, but so far the arrangement has worked satisfactorily under the guidance of Messrs. Swaby, G. R. Hargrave, W. H. Hall, Doctors Hawke and Clarke. It can only be regarded as lucky that the change in the location was made, some being ill-natured enough to say it was a retribution, as the burning of the R.C.Y.C. clubhouse on Hiawatha Island would have seriously handicapped the tournament, and might have caused individual loss. The Old Country bowlers were fairly represented on the green. President Charles Caldwell of St. Matthew's with the smell of the salt brine still clinging to him, Papa E. C. Davies of the Caer-Howell's, Syd Jones and G. B. Woods of the Canadas are active participants in the game.

The lawns are in excellent condition, and should the rain not prove a drawback a very successful tourney is assured.

The prizes are the finest ever given in any tournament yet held in Canada, and the Messrs. Walker of Walkerville, than whom no more ardent supporters of the game can be found in the world over, have excelled themselves in the prizes they have awarded the winning rink in the Trophy competition.

Our next issue will contain a full description of the various games. Suffice it to say the competition this year is very keen and it will take a good rink to land the first prizes.

LUNA.

Dramatic Notes.

IN an article in the September number of the "Smart Set," David Belasco thus comments on the present-day theater:

"To my mind the most hopeful feature of the theatrical situation in America is the great spirit of independence and discrimination which the public has shown lately with regard to theatrical attractions. For the managers, to be sure, it has been a bitter experience. They realize that the public is no longer to be taken in by 'fub-dub'; the bitter truth has been borne in on many of us that the dear old public will no longer swallow buncombe whole. For four or five years the country enjoyed a period of exceptional prosperity. The people were more or less theater-mad. Plays good, bad and indifferent attracted large audiences; their managers made money hand over fist. But with last season the tide turned."

"The first victim, and the one that most richly deserved its fate, was the badly dramatized novel. The public absolutely refused to swallow any more of these crude and inchoate concoctions dramatized overnight and literally chucked upon the stage after a couple of weeks' rehearsals."

"The next in line to suffer was the made-to-order star—the man or woman who, after one or two successes in leading roles, suddenly blossomed out as a would-be arclight in the theatrical firmament."

"If the past disastrous season has done nothing else it has at least reduced these two theatrical impositions to their proper level. And I make this statement in all kindness, too, for no one knows better than I of the ceaseless toil, the unselfish devotion, the indomitable perseverance and the heartbreaking setbacks which many actresses and some few actors



It is not Port Arthur that worries the Czar.

are experiencing in their sincere struggles to reach the top of the ladder and to maintain their position there.

"The stage in America to-day is stagnant on account of the commercial spirit which has been introduced into its dealings during the last six or seven years. No one appreciates and deplores this fact more than the actors themselves—and no one—more's the pity—is so afraid to say so. If the actors are under a yoke of commercial tyranny to-day they have themselves to blame for it. There was a time seven years ago, when the Theatrical Syndicate was first formed, that Messrs. Joseph Jefferson, Nat Goodwin, Richard Mansfield, Francis Wilson and W. H. Crane, by merely standing shoulder to shoulder, could have nipped the scheme in its bud. To-day, much as any of them privately and unofficially may bemoan this fact, there isn't one of them who doesn't jump when the Syndicate pulls the string."

A vaudeville offering of unusual importance is promised in the announcement that Miss Jessie Millward, the eminent English actress and star, will appear at Shea's Theater next week in a one-act drama entitled "The Queen's Messenger," by Jenny Hartley Manners. Miss Millward's new one-act play, "The Queen's Messenger," deals with the acts of a Russian spy to secure important state papers from an English officer. She succeeds in her mission, but remorse leads her to restore the papers to the officer, who would otherwise have been disgraced by their loss. Her supporting company includes Boyd Putnam. Among the other special features for the week will be Gus Williams in an original monologue; Zeno, Carl and Zeno, three of the country's foremost acrobats; Searl and Violet Allen in a sketch entitled "The Rent Collector;" Herbert Brooks in black art, which is said to be very good; Johnson and Wells; the kinetograph, and several other excellent acts.

Charles Frohman has begun rehearsals of the E. H. Sothern-Marlowe combination in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Much Ado About Nothing;" John Drew in "The Duke of Killiecrankie;" William H. Crane in "Business is Business," and Edna May in "The School Girl."

William Gillette will remain on his house-yacht, "Aunt Polly," working on his new play, until late in September, when he begins his season in "The Admirable Crichton."

Charles Frohman has re-engaged Bruce McRae to play the leading role with Ethel Barrymore in the production of "Sunday."

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert has written Charles Frohman that she is full of health, eager to begin her work, and asked for her part in the new play, "Granny," which Clyde Fitch has written for her starring tour. The play will be produced in Philadelphia.

Annie Russell will remain at Pemaquid Harbor, Maine, until the second week in September. She does not begin her season in "Brother Jacques" until the end of October.

The Choir Takes a Trip.



Curate—Well, John, and have you been drinking in the ozone?

John—Oh didn't notice th' name of th' 'ouse, sir, but it wor th' one opposite th' pier.

Intercepted Letters.

Tokio, August 12, 1904.

My Dear Old Nick—

"Just to show there's no hard feeling. I'm sending a line of congratulation about the boyski. I'm really very sorry that we had to treat his name so severely, but business is business, you know. I've been thinking that after we get Port Arthur I'd like to fix up a bomb-proof cottage as a summer residence for young Alexis. Of course you understand that James Connell must give his consent. Well, good boy, chap. With love to the Czarina and all the little Czardines, I remain,

"Milord."

England, Aug. 10, 1904.

My Dear Perry—

"I understand from the Canadian Asinine Press that you have been welcomed by Toronto. By this time, I daresay, you will feel like sitting up and having the bandages removed from your right arm. Let me tell you, my boy, that although it seems hard at the time you will learn in after years to look back upon Toronto's friendship as an experience worth many moments of suffering. It takes a hero to be a hero—in Toronto. You may have your head broken, but Toronto's welcome warms your heart for many a day after. In my old age when I sit before the parlor grate and toast my venerable toes it will give me great comfort to think of the scene at the Union Station and the mellow notes of 'Auld Lang Syne.' Adieu, my dear Perry, and keep both hands on—

"Truly yours, Dundonald."

My Poor Dear Chamberlain,—

"You will pardon my effusiveness, but when I think of Kipling's unkindness my eyes fill with tears which drip into the ink and account for the paleness of this epistle. In moments like these, my dear Joseph, the warmest human sympathy seems a poor thing, but I cannot refrain from expressing my indignation that Kipling should write such a barbarous attack on one in your defenseless position. Of course you can't write any poetry back, but if it will be any comfort to you I'll compose a little sonnet on your orchid that may in some measure soften the blow of 'Things and the Man.'

Yours cordially, Austin.

J. G.

Chided.

The girls were in despair over papa. "Alas!" they murmured, "we cannot get him to do anything that is affected by the best people. He will not play golf, as it gets on his nerves. He will not play tennis, as it is to violent. He doesn't care for automobiling, or even horseback-riding. Dear mamma, what is he to becon of us? Is there no way that we can get him to do anything?"

But mamma tapped on the table indignantly with her fan. "Have you no filial feelings?" she observed. "Can it be possible that I have brought you up with such an utter disregard for your poor, dear papa? Can you not permit him to live and die in obscurity while making enough to keep us going? Surely, my darlings, this is all we have a right to expect from a Providence already severely overtaxed."

Father—Well, my boy, I don't know of any way to make a living honestly except by working for it. Son—Oh, spruce up, dad, and shake those obsolete ideas of yours.

Nodd—Are your children making any progress in school? Todd—Fine! Why, they treat me with more contempt all the time.

Intimate Interviews.
IN THE UP-TO-DATE MANNER.

I FOUND the Intimate Interviewer stretched at full length on a comfortable leather sofa in the library of his palatial home, smoking an expensive Havana cigar and dozing over a copy of "Punch." The source of his alleged wit became evident.

"It was suggested to me," I started in boldly, "that, as you are so given to prying into the personal affairs of others, and then publishing the results of your investigations, you could not—provided you have any sense of fairness left—object if I try a few of your own methods on you. It is with this object, sir—"

His elongated form tied itself into several knots in quick succession—and when it finally unwound itself again my host was sitting upright and regarding me with a look of mixed amusement and dismay.

"Oh, come!" he said, "come, this is going a bit too far. You see, my work in the world is to make clear to the people the qualities of their public men—the qualities that those persons would be most reluctant to acknowledge as their chief characteristics. The importance of such service can scarcely be estimated—in fact, I have no hesitation in saying that to my keenness of insight this country will in the future owe the purity of its political and other public life; for it must be unquestioned that those persons whom I have interviewed will never dare to show themselves before the people as candidates for office until they have learned the well-merited lesson I have taught them by dissecting and laying bare their most objectionable features."

"Quite a little puff for a modest man," I suggested.

He flushed scarlet and bit at his lower lip. "Well, really," he sneered, "I must congratulate you on the self-assurance and frankness you display in the house of a stranger whose uninvited guest you have made yourself. Believe me, I desire to display nothing but a proper courtesy, but if your interview is to progress to any satisfactory conclusion, any remarks you may desire to make must be of a nature more suited to the dignity and general standing of your host than you seem at present disposed to make them. I may add, it would be in considerably better taste were you to play the part of attentive audience while I impart any information concerning myself that I consider of interest and—and—well—unsatisfactory."

The egotism of the man disgusted me so that I could not refrain from administering to him a little of his own medicine, though in this case I felt that it would be more beneficial to say what I had to say to his face instead of following his somewhat cowardly plan of waiting several days and then publishing the criticism in a newspaper.

"It seems," I hinted—somewhat directly, I admit—"that you are not entirely free from those little peculiarities which appeared to furnish you with so much material for comment when you found them in others."

"You mean—" he drawled indifferently.

"That you are not inclined to quote your intellectual stock one cent below par."

He stuck out his lips thoughtfully and stroked his jaw for a moment. "No," he admitted, "perhaps I am not. But why should it? You seem to desire to suggest that because those inferior persons whom I set in their proper places in the eyes of the world were possessed of an erroneous idea of their own intellectual qualities, I must be laboring under the same error." He smiled and waved his hand deprecatingly. "Quite a common mistake at your time of life, my boy. Later you will be able to distinguish between the real and the artificial."

"Then your opinion of the value of your own services to society is—"

"Of little interest from the publisher's point of view. All thoughtful persons are already well aware of my real worth—and to others I do not appeal. To publish my opinion of myself would, therefore, place me in a false light. My admirers would deem me unnecessarily explanatory—a weakness of which I have never been accused—while the vulgar could not but fall into the error into which you have just stumbled. No, I am quite content to rest in the confidence that I am appreciated where I would be appreciated, and cordially hated in quarters where hatred must be construed as a compliment."

"It is indeed a happy disposition which can turn anything into an honor."

"Tut! That is but one of my qualities. I have turned a kick into an invitation to dine."

I fell into a violent fit of coughing that I might not laugh aloud, but my host seemed unconscious of any cause for amusement and proceeded diligently with his confessions.

"Yes, I had a rather unpleasant experience with Senator Kerr, an understudy of Lord William Mackenzie's, you will no doubt remember. In the course of the series of interviews which I was writing, I thought the Senator might work in somewhere between Castell Hopkins and Bob Fleming, so I called on him." He paused to chuckle as he recalled the incident. "Well, you never saw a more absurd reception in your life. Heaven knows the Senator is delightful enough in the street, but at home and under the circumstances connected with my call he was positively delictious. Yes, he was ready for me before I had reached the steps of 'Rathbone'—in fact, it was on the steps that he was waiting, his feet two yards apart, his hands beneath his coat-tails, his god-like curls coqueting with his shoulders, and his whiskers high in air. 'Back!' he commanded in a lordly tone, extending his sceptre hand—palm out—towards me. Of course I made a note of the attitude, tone and gesture—and proceeded as if nothing of a chilling nature had occurred. I informed him that I had done him the honor of deeming him of sufficient public interest to deserve a place in my somewhat unique collection—and that I intended to interview him then and there. He protested, backed toward the door, and threatened to call his 'man.' But I was firm and insisted on putting unpleasant questions one after the other till the climax finally arrived and I landed on the bottom step in a position that was least comfortable on account of a bruise I had received with the impetus that had conducted me to my temporary resting-place. Haw, haw, haw! Mighty lucky stroke!" The Interviewer chuckled.

"Lucky?" I puzzled.

"Well, rather! About the luckiest thing I've struck since I entered journalism. You see, I was able to hold a tremendous weapon over his head. He had assaulted me. I could have had him arrested. But what did I do? I threatened him with prosecution, persecution and the publication of his photograph in connection with a report that he was about to be appointed solicitor for the Grand Trunk Pacific. That brought him to his knees, as I well knew it would. If there is anything the Senator can't stand that is publicity. He is of a modest, retiring nature that shrinks at the very mention of fame or notoriety. Well, to make a long story short, he invited me to dinner, treated me like a prince, and—well, he did very handsomely by me; but of course I cannot go into details on a matter of a strictly confidential nature."

"You mean he—?"

"Oh, no, I can't say that. You see, I gave my word that the matter would never be mentioned, so of course it must not be discussed at all."

"You have aroused my curiosity to the highest pitch. Indeed, I should be willing to give almost anything to know what he did for you."

"Almost anything, eh? Well, how much? I'm always open to make a deal!"

Such openly-confessed treachery and villainy made me shiver. Here was this man, whose business it was to expose the weaknesses of others, actually proposing to betray a secret that he had promised to keep—for some trifling sum of money. I turned from the suggestion in disgust—and then, I'm not so very flush, anyway.

"Well, to be candid without holding you up," the Interviewer confessed, "it wasn't the way the Senator treated me that made me refer to the kick as the luckiest experience that I have run across for a long time. It was the idea I got from his treatment. Why, if it hadn't been for that interview—and that kick down the steps—I might have been in journalism for the rest of my days. Now I have retired. My days of interviewing are at an end. I no longer need to write."

I gazed at him in wonder.

"You are surprised," he smiled. "No wonder. It is rather unusual for a journalist to retire under eighty. Well, in this case I find that it is much more profitable to promise a man that I will not interview him than to go to the trouble of writing him up. Oh, it's a great scheme. I only regret that I didn't strike it before. Good-by."

JAQUES.

Madge—How does Dolly know she has gained two pounds since she came here? Marjorie—She can't get into her bathing-suit.

Some men like their peaches overripe and handmarked.

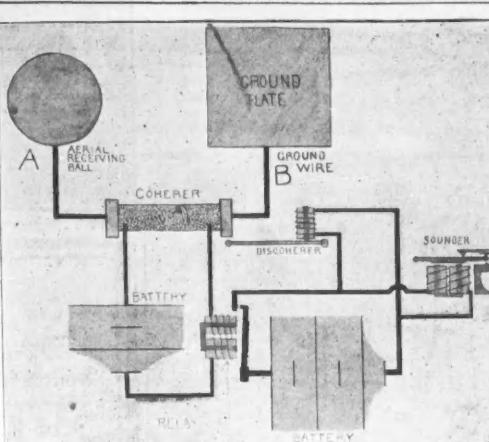


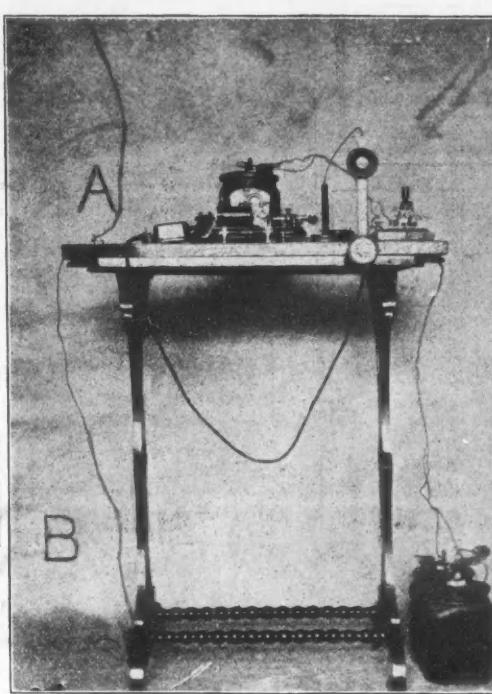
Diagram of wireless telegraphy apparatus.

The Number of Flashes During an Electric Storm.

BOVE is shown the photograph of the receiver of a wireless telegraphy machine. During the thunder-storm of Saturday last this machine registered one hundred and ninety-one individual flashes of lightning. The longest of these flashes probably made the machine work continuously for some ten seconds. They were counted only between the end of the hail-storm and the end of the rain, for during the hail the flashes were so close together and so continuous that it was practically impossible to count them. At every flash, whether visible or not, the telephone receiver, which can be seen in the photograph, gave a sharp click. If the flash was longer than a fraction of a second the receiver kept up a series of clicks which sound very much like the noise made by an ordinary electric buzzer.

Why the machine works during a lightning-storm is readily explained. A message is sent with a wireless machine as follows: A large electric spark is made to jump across between two points of contact; this spark sets ether waves traveling in all directions and through nearly all substances. A portion of these waves go to the receiving ball (A in the accompanying diagram) and breaking on it cause a current of static electricity to travel along the connecting wire and magnetize the steel filings in the coherer. This allows the current from

the batteries to travel through the coherer and work the relay. This relay works the sounder and the decoherer. The decoherer strikes the coherer and demagnetizes the steel filings. The sounder makes the clicks which go to form the Morse alphabet. When the flashes of an electric storm jump between the clouds and earth, the huge spark sends out ether



The apparatus as it appears in use.

waves in all directions. These waves affect the wireless machine in the same way as the ether waves sent out by the wireless telegraphy transmitter.

In the photograph of the machine the telephone receiver has been put on instead of the sounder shown in the diagram.

MAX DE LACY.

Ye Game of Bowls.

S FAR as I could discover the other day up at the Granite Rink, lawn bowling might under some circumstances be wildly exciting. Several times during the afternoon I felt inclined to clap my hands vigorously and say "Hurrah!" but then I must confess I was sitting next to an enthusiast and he was next to the—oh, but I forgot, this is a temperance paper. I watched particularly one athlete (a splendid player he was, too). He would pick up a ball and hold it in his hand as if he were going to do the Hamlet dodge and soliloquize, and then after being shouted at by a man at the other end of the rink he would go down on one knee and blink two or three times, and then without any further warning he would roll the ball along the ground until it was stopped by another at the other end of the rink. Then he would stand upright again and some man would say "good ball," or "well tried," and our friend would try not to look pleased; but of course we know what he must have felt.

Well, I watched that game for hours and never quitted my post, except to walk a few paces and smile with, to or at a friend, when it suddenly struck me that I had heard of bowls being played century ago. So I informed my friend that I was not as ignorant as I looked. He muttered something like "lucky," and I told him a story of a man who lived in the reign of George I, or one of those sovereigns who lived in the sixteenth century—what was his name? Goose, or Duck, or something. Ah! I have it—Drake, Sir Francis Drake. Well, I told my friend how he was playing bowls one day and a man came and told him there was an armada coming up the Channel, and how Sir Francis finished the game, and won it, too, and he was the skipper, and how he then went on board his ship and then he was skipper, and finally played at long bowls with the Spaniards and made them skip. I was going to tell him some more yarns, but he said that he had to hurry home, and so he left me. Of course after his departure I didn't stay long, and saying good-by to many friends I made my exit, having spent a very charming, interesting and instructive afternoon.

Gentlemen Wanted.

HERE is a story told of one of the English Premiers who said that in appointing judges he always picked a gentleman. "If he knows a little law, so much the better," the Premier added.

No doubt this is a poor rule for choosing judges,

but it might not be a bad standard in selecting teachers for a college. This is true particularly if the word "gentleman" be taken not in the wide sense of a man of presentable manners.

but rather in the sense of a man of personal distinction and force of character who stands out in an ordinary gathering. One of the chief benefits that a boy can get out of four years at college is the opportunity of close contact with men of commanding intellect and vigorous personality. Half of a college education is gained outside of the classroom, on the campus, in the fraternity houses, and wherever students and professors meet as friends and comrades. At Oxford the associations and the environment have always been looked upon as the strongest educative force at the university, and a boy who resides four years in one of the Oxford colleges is not deemed to have wasted his time even though he has not worked for hours on end much reading of any sort.

In this country it is difficult for universities to get the best class of men for their faculties because other professions offer greater rewards to successful men. The man of personal force goes into politics, into the law, into engineering, into any other profession than teaching. As a consequence of this tendency the universities are compelled to accept the negative, colorless men who, being too timid to brave the rough world, prefer the quiet shelter of academic halls. These men are often industrious and painstaking scholars, but they are too clerical, too monastic, too subdued to be teachers of the first quality. The ideal teacher is a leader of men; a man of action as well as of thought. He has had experience of life beyond the campus. He is a man of the world, with red blood in his veins; not a pedant or a prude; not impractically academic; not a mere "dig." He is a man to whom boys can open up their minds freely, who can give good advice without a didactic strain in it, and who can make himself a strong moral leader in the university.

A great teacher is necessarily a great man. He yields a powerful influence in his generation, for his students, scattering, spread his name and his teachings. The influence of such masters as Arnold of Rugby, Jowett of Balliol and Agassiz of Harvard lasted long, and their names stand for certain noble traditions and ideals which are yet forces in education and in society.

The late Professor Le Conte of Berkeley was a teacher who measured well by this standard. He was not the modern type of professor who is a specialist in a narrow department of learning, but, on the contrary, he was of the old school; a man of varied learning who, like Bacon, took all knowledge for his province, whose sympathies were catholic, and who had a strong moral and intellectual grip on his students. Le Conte's interests were not purely academic. He was a part of the world, and thus he kept his mind broad, open and active.

• • •

"Henpeck tells his wife everything that he does." "Yes, and he does everything that she tells him."

• • •

She held her skirt close with one hand—Behind her, on the ground, there lay

A Matter of Memory.

IT was not often that Billy Forester found himself utterly bored and at a loss for occupation. But the trip from Toronto to Muskoka Wharf had been hot and dusty, the car was filled with noisy children who insisted on informing everyone just what they were going to do for the next two weeks, and a wailing infant had made the afternoon hideous from Allandale to Gravenhurst. Just after the steamer got nicely out into Lake Muskoka, the novel in which he had just managed to become interested had been carelessly laid on the railing and took occasion to tumble into the lake and leave the owner lamenting. Then Billy found that his canoe had been put on the wrong boat and he expressed himself in appropriate terms. He devoted himself to the scenery and saw the same old islands and the same old sunburned faces all the way to "giddy, giddy Sandfield." After they got into Lake Joseph he discovered that the young woman sitting in the bow was holding a copy of the book which had gone overboard. It was a good yachting story and he wondered how it turned out. The woman didn't seem to be very much interested in the book, either, for it was too dark to read.

Just then the object of his scrutiny looked around and blushed deeply at his penetrating gaze. Then she frowned and looked out over the water as if the west shore were an enthralling sight. Billy transferred his attention from the book to the woman, and felt his ennui disappear. It may be remarked that Billy usually finds feminine society an antidote for pessimism, in spite of the fact that he was thirty years old last April. He is of decidedly social tendencies and felt a sudden desire to converse with the owner of the book and find out her opinion of the hero and of several other characters. She looked like a person with opinions, and yet the mouth had a lingering sweetness, although the chin showed a will of considerable strength. Billy said cross things to himself about the absurdity of conventionalism, especially as it governs introductions, and wondered if he might say something about the weather.

He suddenly set his lips firmly and moved towards the brown-clad figure in the bow. It was horribly awkward of Billy, but he knocked over a chair which sent the young woman's umbrella flying, and she, in the attempt to rescue it, lost the novel also, which fell under a rocking-chair and lay there with two of the leaves curled up in amusement.

"That was awfully clumsy of me," exclaimed Billy in a voice of sincerest contrition. "Do let me get your umbrella. I'm so sorry, but I believe the handle's broken."

"It doesn't matter," said the owner with dignity. "It was quite loose and has come off before."

"But I'm sure I can screw it on," said Billy, persuasively. "And here's your book, too. By Jove! it's the same yarn I was reading this afternoon, only it was blown overboard."

"That was too bad," murmured the lady with a gleam of sympathy.

"Oh, it's always my luck. If it had been my tailor's bill or a church paper it would have stayed right on deck, no matter what gale was blowing." Billy has such a childlike air of injury when reciting his wrongs that even a stranger cannot help becoming interested, and the lady smiled, somewhat as Priscilla might have smiled, it is true, but there was unmistakable amusement. Billy proceeded to seat himself near her and explain that the boat was delayed on account of an excursion from Roseau.

"I'm going as far as Port Coleman," he volunteered, "and I'm afraid it will be about ten o'clock before we get there."

"Is it a pretty place?" asked the fair unknown, with the air of one who is in Muskoka for the first time. Billy liked her voice. It was clear and distinct, but there was a note of girlish timidity which was far from unpleasant, and then she had blushed, and Billy liked the unusual occurrence.

"Yes, it's a pretty enough place. I've been up there nearly every other summer for the last ten years. I've often thought of going somewhere else, but in the end I usually pack my valise in a hurry and buy a ticket for Port Coleman. There's a great deal in habit."

"I suppose there is," assented the stranger. Billy proceeded to become philosophical.

"Now, even in the matter of friendship, I believe we keep up certain old friends, not because we really care for them so much, but because we've just become accustomed to their ways."

"Then you don't believe in the saying that old books, old friends and old wine are best?"

"Not at all," said Billy, becoming more interested as the lady's hair was blown about her ears and curled becomingly instead of hanging in limp brown strings. "Now," he said to himself, "most girls would look like frigts out in this breeze. But she's looking prettier every minute. I wonder what her name is, anyway."

A loud he continued. "No, I don't think that you need to have a friend for years and years in order to appreciate him—or her. Sometimes a mere glance or the meeting of an hour will take the place of years of commonplace acquaintanceship." Billy was fairly launched on his favorite topic when conversing for the first time with a woman who interested him. He became almost eloquent and even used such expressions as "intuitive sympathy" and "instinctive friendship."

"But perhaps," he said, at length, "you don't agree with me. Perhaps you think it is necessary to know people for half a dozen years before you have any confidence in them."

"I don't know that I should say half a dozen," said the stranger thoughtfully, "but I don't trust in first impressions." Billy spent some time in endeavoring to show how grave an error she was making, and then as the lights of Port Coleman were beginning to twinkle across the lake he turned the conversation to more personal affairs, and, taking courage from the lady's silence, begged for the bunch of faded sweet peas pinned to her coat.

"But what good will these poor crushed flowers do you?" said the lady, opening wide her innocent grey eyes. "Wait until you reach the hotel and get some nice fresh ones."

"I want those," said Billy, doggedly. The woman's eyes flashed with a mixture of wrath and amusement. Then, slowly removing the flowers, she said quietly, as she handed them to the young man:

"They're not the first flowers I've given you, Mr. Forester." Billy jumped and the withered sweet peas fell unnoticed to the ground.

"What—where?" he stammered in confusion. But she was laughing merrily

Peer and Peasant in the British Realm
have for more than a quarter of a century looked upon

Hunyadi János

as the most efficient and yet most gentle remedy for CONSTIPATION and all complaints arising from a sluggish Liver. Half a tumbler taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Anecdotal.

A young graduate in law, who had had some experience in New York City, wrote to a prominent practitioner in Arkansas to enquire what chance there was in that section for such a one as he said himself to be. He said: "I am a Republican in politics, and an honest lawyer in law." The reply that came seemed encouraging in its interest: "If you are a Republican the game laws here will protect you, and if you are an honest lawyer you will have no competition."

An English student tells that when he was attending school at Leipzig the feeling regarding the Boer war ran high, the Germans eagerly awaiting any news of British defeat. One of the university professors was the most rabid pro-Boer. One day he posted a notice announcing that there would be a meeting of the professors to protest against the action of England in South Africa, and that the meeting would be held in the Zoological Gardens. An English student was bold enough to write under the notice: "And a very good place, too," but he had to leave the university on account of his wit.

Big "Tim" Sullivan, who likes a clean, close shave every day, tells of his experience with a barber in Pennsylvania avenue while he was attending Congress. Mr. Sullivan went into the shop one morning and repented of his visit. "It's three or three mornings he had noticed the barber had been drinking, but he hesitated to speak to him about it. Finally the blade of the razor slipped under the surface of the congressman's chubby chin. "There, you idiot!" he shouted, jumping from the chair; "now you see what liquor does." "Yes," replied the barber calmly, "it is apt to make the skin tender."

A visitor to the St. Louis Exposition was congratulating Joseph W. Folk, the district attorney of the city, upon the speed with which he had brought the "poodle" leaders to trial. "Speed," said Mr. Folk, smiling, "is an excellent thing, a thing that will achieve wonders. I heard the other day of an Irishman, though, who expected too much of speed. This Irishman was a painter. Usually, being paid by the hour, he worked rather slowly, but, when, one day, told him, painting away like a steam engine. That friend paused to investigate so strange a matter. "What's come over ye, Maguire?" he said. "It ain't like you to work that fast." "Whist!" said Maguire. "Stand out o' the way and don't stop me. Ol'm atrivit, and git through before me paint gives out."

Two artists were regarding, in a Fifth Avenue gallery, a print of Millais's "Chill October." One of them said: "Sir John Millais once showed me the original 'Chill October,' and at the same time he told me something about it. He said that as he sat painting one gray afternoon, among the reeds and rushes of the Tay, a voice from behind hedge asked: 'Man, did you never try photography?' 'No, never,' said Sir John, and he continued to paint slowly. It's a handle quicker," said the voice. "Yes, I suppose so," the painter agreed. Then the voice said biting: "An' it's mair like the place."

Charles M. Schwab, during a recent visit to Europe, met an impoverished French nobleman. The nobleman had no English, but Mr. Schwab had French well. Thus the two had many talks about the opportunities that America offers to the poor. The other day Mr. Schwab received a letter from his French friend. The letter was, to his surprise, in English. The nobleman wrote that he could best study English with a tutor, and he ended with these sanguine words: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America as I go on the scaffold to lecture."

Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson of Concord is fond of telling of an old servant whose heart was exceedingly kind, in whom the qualities of pity and compassion were developed nearly to perfection. He was once driving his master and Emerson through the country. As they approached a new house that the master was building, they saw an old woman sneaking away with bundle of wood. "Jabez, Jabez," cried the master, "do you see that old woman taking my wood?" Jabez looked with scorn at the old woman, then with scorn at his master. "No, sir," he said, stoutly. "I don't see her; and, what's more, I didn't think that you would see her either."

An attendant at Mount Vernon not long since found a lady weeping most bitterly and audibly with her handkerchief to her eyes. He stepped up to her and said: "Are you in any trouble, madam?" "Oh, I'm sorry," sobbed she, "how can one help weeping at the grave of the Father of his Country?" "Oh! Indeed, madam," said he, "that's it! The tomb is over yonder. This is the ice-house."

"The Book Shop."

Shakespearian Playing Cards

representing the immortal dramatist's well-known characters—the daintiest and most beautiful line of cards we ever handled. Inspection cordially invited.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.
8 King St. West, Toronto

Natural Laxative
Mineral Water

The Bee-Swarm.



Good News for the Old Folks.

Mr. Angus McMillan tells them Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will Cure their Stomach Troubles.

Of peculiar interest to the aged is the story of Mr. Angus McMillan, of Glengarry Co., Ont. Mr. McMillan is now over 82 years of age and has been imprisoned numberless times for his eccentricities. The Duke of Norfolk had come to a determination to stop his nuisance. In defence the defendant went on in the rhodomontade style of a madman, alleging all sorts of libelous abuse against the Norfolk family. He concluded with modestly asking the magistrate that all he wanted of the Duke of Norfolk was given him—dried a year to enable him to go and live in the country like a gentleman. He was committed to Bridewell in default of bail—"Sun," July 21, 1814.

"Last week a gentleman was brought before the sitting magistrates in one of the northern divisions of the County of Suffolk, charged on the oath of a young lad of high rank, neice to a noble lord, that she was afraid that he would carry her away from her uncle's mansion against her will and the public peace, and contrary to law, he having followed her from Bath where he had first met her at the public meetings, and become so totally charmed of her that he immediately introduced himself to her family, and on his returning to their seat in Suffolk, he took up his quarters at an inn in the neighborhood, from whence he embraced every opportunity of obstructing her return to her home, and which laid her under the necessity of making use of the means above mentioned to her own security. He described himself as a captain in the Royal Fusiliers, a native of Ireland, and nearly related to a peer of that Kingdom. He was required by the magistrate to find bail sufficient to cover his expenses, himself £1,000 and his wife £50 each. Being so perfect a stranger to the neighborhood, this latter requirement would have occasioned some difficulty if it had not been immediately obviated by the captain producing two bank notes of £50 each, which, speaking a language entirely understood, procured his immediate enlargement."—Norwich Mercury, July 19, 1805.

"The following is the correct betting on the approaching contests, 2 to 1 upon the Chicken against Gulliver; 5 to 4 on Dutch Sam against Tom Belcher; 7 to 4 Caleb Baldwin against Ryan. The Black should get the whip-hand of Holmes. The Coachman is matched by Mr. Fletcher Read to nothing, and who is the favourite. Dutch Sam has been lately very handsomely cut up by the Wandsworth Butcher."—The Advertiser, July 19, 1805.

"According to the statement of an hon. member in the House of Commons, the regulations of the Dublin General Post-Office are of a very strict kind. The letter-sorters vow that 'they never bend and then open the letters and take out the contents, in order to compensate for the inadequacy of their salaries.'—St. James's Chronicle, July 9, 1807.

"OLD MULL" Scotch

For the Stomach

Vichy is a specific for stomach troubles. It neutralizes acidity—relieves that distressed feeling after eating—insures the perfect digestion of food. A glass before breakfast is the forerunner of a hearty meal.

VICHY

comes from the Celestins springs owned by the French Government. It cannot be bought in bulk, in syphons or at soda fountains.

CELESTINS

is sold only in bottles bearing the tri-colored neck label of
BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., Montreal,
Sole Canadian Agents.

TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM

Recommended by Physicians
Drunk by Connoisseurs

GEO. J. FOY, Agent, TORONTO.



If you don't eat cheese
you should. If you
do eat cheese see that
you get MacLaren's
Imperial.

It is the original cheese packed in opal jars.
Imitations will cost you just as much.

Offices To Let

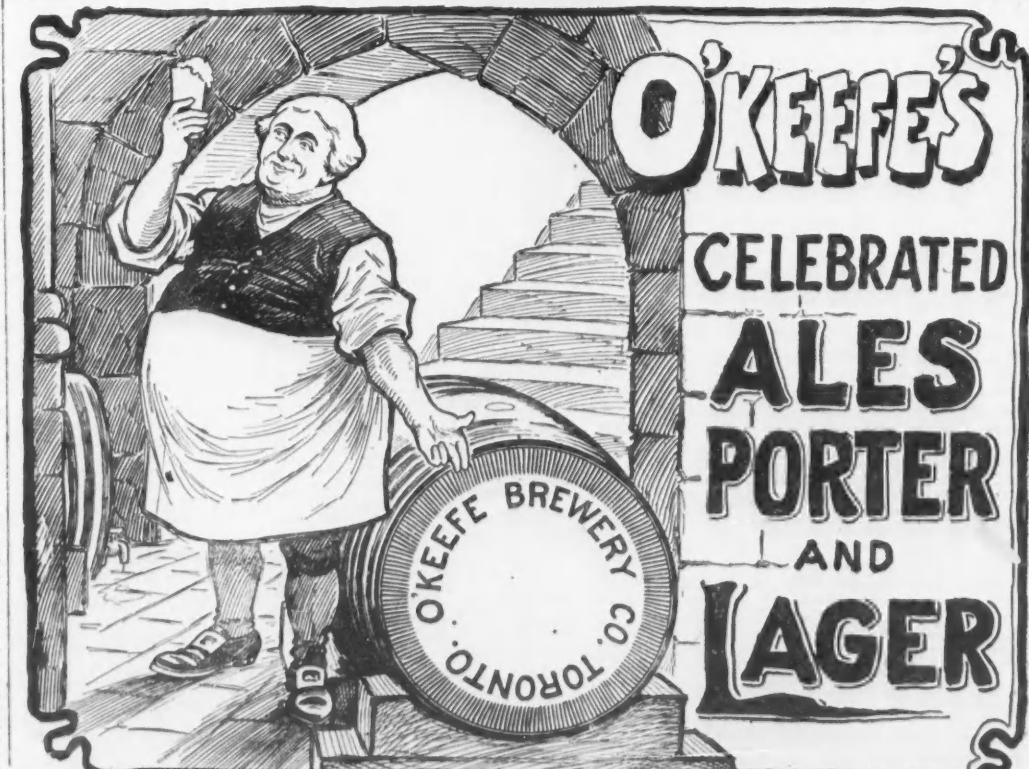
Two nice rooms on ground floor of "Saturday Night" Building. Terms moderate.

APPLY TO
Sheppard Pub. Co.
Limited
26-28 Adelaide Street West

The balance of season's Millinery at prices away below cost

Mrs. Joan Bishop Miss Alexander
at 406 and 408 Yonge Street
Telephone—Main 3077

ALEXANDRIA RESIDENCE
343 JARVIS STREET
MRS. L. L. STUART, LADY SUPERINTENDENT.
Nervous disease a specialty.
Patients cared for under their own physicians.
Massage taught—Weir-Mitchell system.
Highest references. Phone—Main 4347.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

Opening of our Fur Department Monday, 22nd inst.

Our initial showing of furs will comprise everything that's new and stylish, including those novelty scarfs that New York has said must be worn by women who keep pace with fashion's requirements.

The scarfs, by the way, are dressy either in cravat shapes or stock effects. They're to be worn with tailor-made suits until such times as the temperature calls for a fur coat. The scarfs are chiefly of mink, grey squirrel, ermine and sable, and in combinations of these furs. On view Monday next, August 22nd, second floor.

WA Murray & Co. 17 to 21 King St. East. Limited. Victoria St. to Colborne St. Toronto.

To the World's Fair

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Over the Wabash Line

Gardener—This here is a tobacco plant in full flower. Lady—How very interesting! And how long will it be before the cigars are ripe?

Widow Wixen—Yes; Henry died quite reconciled. I was at his bedside until the last moment. Dumley (meaning to be complimentary)—Ah, that accounts for it.

Not susceptible to tillage: Mrs. Lakeside—Oh, yes, some of those more exclusive Eastern people say that Chicago isn't cultivated. Mr. Lakeside—H'mph! All the city is except the south part, and that's too marshy. The land ain't worth cultivating.

Cure the Most Extreme Cases. Stone in the Kidneys Cannot Stand Before Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. A. Cassidy, of Ottawa, Permanently Cured After Years of Suffering by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 15.—(Special)—While all Canada knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the standard remedy for all Kidney Complaints it may surprise people to know they cure such extreme cases as Stone in the Kidneys. Yet that is what Mr. Cassidy did for you. You know that besides consulting the best doctors in the city and trying every medicine I could think of I was unable to get better.

"Some time ago a friend told me Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them and they have cured me."

"I could not imagine more severe suffering than one endures who has Stone in the Kidneys and I feel the greatest gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

If the disease is of the kidneys or from the kidneys Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

Low Rates to California.

On account of the Triennial Conclave of Knights Templar at San Francisco, the Union Pacific will sell round trip tickets from Mississauga (Country Club), to Kansas City, Missouri, to San Francisco and return at \$45.00. Tickets on sale Aug. 15th to Sept. 10th, inclusive. Shortest line, fastest time. Electric-lighted tunnels. Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars, meals a la carte. Tourist Cars, etc.

From Chicago and St. Louis proportionally low rates are in effect in lines connecting with Union Pacific. Enquire of F. B. Choate, G.A., 328 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Nine Million Acres

Government Lands for Homesteaders.

In Western Nebraska, near the Union Pacific Railroad, in section lots of 640 acres each, for almost nothing. The salubrity of these lands is something remarkable. Distance from railroad is the chief attraction. There will be a grand rush of homesteaders. This is the last distribution of free homes the United States Government will ever make in Nebraska. Write for pamphlet telling how the lands can be acquired, when entry should be made, and other information. Free on application to any Union Pacific agent.

Coverton's Carbolic Tooth Wash

The original and best. Beware of imitations. Has been before the public for over thirty years.

D. WATSON & CO., Agents
444 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

A Swell Affair.....

would have a frowsy appearance but for the "Valet" services.

Would not baggy trousers, wrinkled tails and jumbled vests indeed be shocking?

Is this in the making, but more in the keeping that makes the well-dressed man. Let us be your "Valet."

FOUNTAIN
"My Valet"

Cleaner and Reparator of Clothes

30 Adelaide St. West. Phone Main 3074.

DON'T MARRY, DOCTOR or despair. "Don't do a thing" till you see clearly what's best by aid of *Flashlights on Human Nature*. It's a book with wit, humor and pathos. Tells what you'd ask a doctor, but don't like to. 240 pages, illustrated, 25 cents; but to introduce it we send one only to any doctor for postage, to **M. BILL PUB. CO., 129 East 23rd Street, New York.**

A Close Examination of our Dyeing Mill show...

that is dyeing we have acquired the art—for both science and art enter into dyeing and cleaning. We give renewed life to wearing apparel of men and women by our skilled methods.

R. PARKER & CO.
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.
201 and 203 Yonge St., 29 King St. West,
471 and 473 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.
Phones—North 2011, Main 2143 and 2004, Park 98.

OSTEOPATHY

ROOT, B. HENDERSON, D.O.
48 Canada Life Building.

SPECIALIST IN
Chronic and Nervous
DISEASES

Literature Sent on Application.
CONSULTATION FREE.

Phone Main 2042

Literary Comment.

M R. S. R. Crockett, whose activity is his most admirable quality, is said to be at work on a new novel, "Paden the Prophet." Times have changed with Mr. Crockett since he wrote "The Stickler Minster" and that queer but powerful yarn about the man who was "Accepted of the Beasts." The amiable author novelist is a financial success but we have no such short stories as he wrote in the years before a handsome cheque from the publishers had become a regular occurrence. "The Raiders" and even "The Lilac Sun-Bonnet" are very much better than anything recent from the author's action mill, whose products bear a dreary resemblance to breakfast food.

Speaking of Scottish writers, nearly every one who reads "The House With the Green Shutters" laments the early death of the author. What would his next book have been? Would it be as good as the last and dreadful as the story of the Gourlayes or would Mr. George Brown have yielded to popular feeling and written something which ended in "happy ever after"? We cannot say, and therein lies a certain exasperation for those who like to predict what a general will do next. The word "gentle" is used advisedly for the man who wrote the story of that haunting house was head and shoulders above other novelists in Caledonia. The book may have been the extreme of realism, but it was such writing as seldom comes these days. The story is in spirit unwilling as we may be to face it. I can see every member of that family yet, though it is some relief to know that "most of them died." After all, it was not so much its realism as its suggestiveness that gave every one who reads the story an impression of horror. You might read of haunted hotels, blood-stained caverns and ghastly gurglings without being moved to one small shiver. But "The House with the Green Shutters" stands all by itself, aside from the ordinary traffic of fiction, a structure not lightly built and not to be forgotten.

To India we are taken by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

story of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205, when King John was making himself decidedly disagreeable in England and paving the way for that disastrous document, the Magna Charta. The

language of the Indians is told by Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame-Gatherers"—not the India of Tommy Atkins, not even the India of Clive, but the country of Mandu in the year 1205



THE Mendelssohn Choir have been successful in arranging for the appearance of Miss Muriel Foster, the eminent English contralto, at one of their four concerts announced for the year. Miss Foster is singing there in Brahms' "Rhapsody for alto solo, chorus and orchestra," a work in which she won a remarkable success in the Birmingham festival of last season. Miss Foster is now acknowledged to be one of the greatest of English contralto, and the Mendelssohn Choir have been fortunate in securing her services. The committee of the Choir are now negotiating for the engagement of three other soloists—soprano, tenor and baritone.

The following advice by Walter Perkins published in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" is entitled to consideration: "Instructors of students of music should carefully shun teachers who advertise themselves as the exponents of the John Brown method, the James Smith method, and, in fact, any one person's method. Such teachers are narrow, and at best but copies of one whom they try to represent. The student would seek the teacher whose work is devoted to the exemplification and illustration of principles and the development of the student's originality. Under the guidance of such a master the student may be sure that his full capacity for interpretation will be realized, and that he will not be expected to know anything about me or my jokes either—don't you see?"

"See that, sir," replied Nicholas.

"You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected," said Mr. Gregsby,

"to put it very strong about the people, because it comes out very well at election times; and you could be funny as you like about the authors, because I believe the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters."

The following replies were in answer to questions in an examination paper set by an examiner of repute:

Marenzio was a German lady, who introduced notes into music. She lived in the 13th century, A.D., and was burnt as a martyr at Rouen.

Palestrina was the son of a stock-broker and brother of Beethoven.

One finds it constantly repeated, parrot-like, by newspaper writers, that Paganini, being a perfect wonder of virtuosity, could not play effectively classic or legitimate music. The following extract from the London "Morning Post" May 16, 1832, should give the statement its status: "Paganini, who has been frequently called that thin extraordinary performer, could not take part in a quartette with any effect. This is far from being correct. At a soiree given by Dr. Billing the other evening, Paganini, Mendelssohn and Lindley performed a trio for viola, guitar and violoncello (composed by Lindley) and added a solo for the guitar part on the pianoforte, adding a bass in the most ingenious manner. Paganini's performance on the tenor was of the true school: there were no tricks, no jumping and skipping, but all the passages were legitimately and beautifully played, as were those given to the soloists by Lindley. As a composition, it reflected credit on the signor: it was well conceived, scientifically written and remarkably pleasing and effective."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

CHERUBINO.



Miss Beatrice Beddoe, mezzo-contralto, who gave a most successful song recital at the Royal Muskoka on Thursday evening, Aug. 11.

Fletcher Music Method.

In compliance with the request of many Canadian music teachers, Mrs. Fletcher-Copp has decided to open a normal class in the FLETCHER-METZ METHOD, on a course of 23d. 1904, in Broadway Hall, Spadina avenue and College street, Toronto.

A lecture will be given at 3 p.m. on the above date in Broadway Hall, which is to be the first of many such lectures. The fees for each lecture will be sold by subscription. Miss Gadski will make her first appearance here on this occasion, and no doubt will score a pronounced triumph, as she is said to be the equal of Nordica. De Pachmann has not been here for some years, but will be exceedingly welcomed. Chopin enthusiasts are being pretty generally acknowledged to be the greatest living player of Chopin's piano forte music.

Mr. Theo Arlidge, son of Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of Olivet Baptist Church.

In connection with the movement in England to secure proper protection for musical copyright, Dr. W. H. Cummings supplied the "Musical Times" with the following appropriate satire:

Miss Prude—I can't bear children! Mrs. Frank—Perhaps if you could you would like them better!

quotation, with an introductory note of his own:

CHARLES DICKENS AS A PROPHET.

Dickens, in "Nicholas Nickleby," seems to have foreshadowed the attitude of a certain living M.P., who, by his extraordinary obstruction in Parliament, prevented the passing of a bill which would in some measure have dealt out justice to the street robbers of other men's brains. It will be remembered that the hero, Nicholas, in want of employment, sought an interview with Mr. Gregsby, M.P., who required a private secretary and detailed the duties of the position as follows:

"With regard to such questions as are not political," continued Mr. Gregsby, warming, "and which one can't be expected to care a damn about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves, else where are our privileges? I should wish my secretary to get together a few little notes, and then, if any propestorous bill were brought forward for giving poor grubbing devils of authors a right to their own property, I should like to say that I, for one, would never consent to opposing an insurmountable bar to the diffusion of literature among the people—you understand? that the creations of the pocket being man's might belong to one man, or even to a family; and the creation of the spirit being God's, ought, as a matter of course, to belong to the people at large—and if I was pleasantly disposed, I should like to make a joke about posterity, and say that those who wrote for posterity should be content to be rewarded by the approbation of posterity; it might take with the house, and could never do me any harm, because posterity can't be expected to know anything about me or my jokes either—don't you see?"

"See that, sir," replied Nicholas.

"You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected," said Mr. Gregsby,

"to put it very strong about the people, because it comes out very well at election times; and you could be funny as you like about the authors, because I believe the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters."

The following replies were in answer to questions in an examination paper set by an examiner of repute:

Marenzio was a German lady, who introduced notes into music. She lived in the 13th century, A.D., and was burnt as a martyr at Rouen.

Palestrina was the son of a stock-broker and brother of Beethoven.

One finds it constantly repeated, parrot-like, by newspaper writers, that Paganini, being a perfect wonder of virtuosity, could not play effectively classic or legitimate music. The following extract from the London "Morning Post" May 16, 1832, should give the statement its status: "Paganini, who has been frequently called that thin extraordinary performer, could not take part in a quartette with any effect. This is far from being correct. At a soiree given by Dr. Billing the other evening, Paganini, Mendelssohn and Lindley performed a trio for viola, guitar and violoncello (composed by Lindley) and added a solo for the guitar part on the pianoforte, adding a bass in the most ingenious manner. Paganini's performance on the tenor was of the true school: there were no tricks, no jumping and skipping, but all the passages were legitimately and beautifully played, as were those given to the soloists by Lindley. As a composition, it reflected credit on the signor: it was well conceived, scientifically written and remarkably pleasing and effective."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams and will probably express art in the same form eventually. Also, the time in which we live will affect the old form, and there will be no more long-winded symphonies, but everything will be straight to the point, strongly rhythmic, and our music will certainly make for the spirit of definiteness, without losing the beauty of the melody and the strong sense of color, which indeed is the American's birthright."

Mr. Henry Holden Huss, a composer, is very optimistic about the future of "the Stars" of the orchestra. He says: "I think that the present conditions will produce concentrated indolence, born of the American's capacity of sending a ten-page letter in a ten-word telegram. We live in epigrams

August 20 1904

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11

E & Co.

LIMITED

Music House

C

Instruments

OLD VIOLINS,

BEST AND REST

Inspection

ON TRIAL

T

TORONTO

Violins

ew Catalogue

List of new

photographs

engraved

artists, and

productions of

in price

5,000.

sent on seven

ion.

Monthly

Formal

genuineness

instrument.

S CO., Limited

TORONTO

Y

Colin Soloist

engagements.

Guitar Club

Bishop Strachan

er's; evenings,

TOWN

Tenor

Ch. Erie, Pa.

Canada.

C.M.

ARMONY, etc.

et, Toronto.

ACKSON

1ST

ups in Sing-

edale, and Nord-

F.R.C.O.

Saints' Church

THEORY

TRENT, or

GE of Music,

SYTH

(of Music.)

The Higher

mony, etc.

er's, Toronto.

ano Playing-

Church.

118 Harbord St

A.T.C.M.

ANO

Mus. Presby-

Upper Canada

Spadina Ave

MAN

SO

tucky. Recently

engagements and accepted. For

er's, King St., or

ennedy

the Art

of Music; Bell

Yonge street.

Ave.

FELD

BT

R

Street.

ory of Music.

ADLEY

RE

College, Toronto,

Seaton Street.

SMITH

and PIANO

ic, or Williams'

e of Music.

ILLIAN,

each) to be

S

CULTURE

ONGE ST.

1st.

ments.

STICS

should make

ER

Street West

END

and Auditor

ne—Main 130.

A. Minister.

es resumed the

may be obtained

Unitarian pamphlet

to Mrs. E. D.



UNITED

Arts & Crafts

High-Class Decorators
A Society of Artists and CraftsmenTel. Main 3627.
New Studio, 32, 33, 34 Lawlor Bldg.,
cor King & Yonge.Tel. N. 2679,
New Workshops
1012 Yonge St.

Fall Cleaning

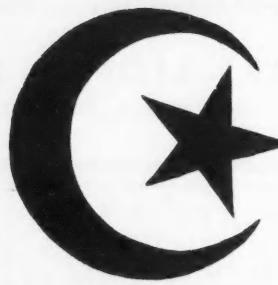
Dwellings Cleaned by Compressed Air.
Our system is absolutely DUSTLESS.
Carpets cleaned without removal...
Tapestry and silk walls cleaned, billiard
tables, pianos and upholstered furniture
cleaned.

'PHONE MAIN 1413

59 and 61 Victoria St.

SPECIAL
ATTRACtIONS
In front of the Grand Stand
at the
CAVANIAN NATIONAL
Exhibition

TORONTO, Aug 29 to Sept. 10



Always the Finest In...

Oriental
Rugs
at lowest prices.Our present stock of high-class Persian and
Turkish Rugs comprises over 500 pieces in
various styles. We are ready to meet
the demands of our numerous patrons in any
shape or make of real Oriental Rugs.During August all Rugs are reduced from
25 to 35 per cent. and lower prices in order
to make place for new arrivals.Courian, Babayan & Co.,
40 King St. East, Toronto.THE
Great
Business
Training
School
in
CanadaAnnual enrollment
over 1200 students.Regular staff
includes 16
Teachers.Fall Term
opens Sept. 1st.Write for Prospectus
Address C.B.C. College
Yonge & Gerrard Sts.
Toronto.Oxygen in the
Turkish BathWhen you take a Turkish Bath you
should have the best, the kind that not
only sweats out the poisonous skin secre-
tions, but fills the system with oxygen
at the same time.Cook's is the only Turkish Bath in
Canada that gives a thorough supply of
oxygen—it has a ventilating equipment
found in no other Turkish Bath.Ladies' days Monday, Wednesday and
Friday, 9:30 to 12 a.m., closing at 2 p.m.Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m.,
during the day, or all night, including
bed, \$1.00.Cook's Turkish Baths
202-204 King Street West, Toronto

SHEA'S THEATER

Matinees Daily

WEEK AUG. 22

Mats. 25
Evens. 50

The Offering of the Season

Greatest Dramatic Sketch in Vaudeville

Miss Jessie Millward

The Distinguished English Actress in
"A Queen's Messenger."

DELTRELLI & GLISSANDO

Musical Grottoes

SEARL & VIOLET ALLEN

Dancers, Singers, Painters

ZENO, CARL & ZENO

Elevated Bars and Human Trapeze

Gus Williams

In Song, Story and Recitation

HERBERT BROOKS

Cardinal Soldier, Trunk Mystery

JOHNSON & WELLS

Colored Singers and Dancers

KINETOGRAPH

With All New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction

The Great Therese

Comedy Hypnotic Act.

Squires—Toole Rouge says she loves
to loop the loop.Myself, well, she knows her way
around, I guess.Geraldine—What are the wild waves
saying?Gerald—I can't hear a thing while
you have that loud bathing-suit on.The engagement is announced in
Montreal of Miss Lillian Jaques, daughter
of Mr. C. Arthur Jaques and granddaughter
of the late Mr. G. E. Jaques, to Mr. J. Wallace Nicoll, fourth son of
the late Mr. Archibald Nicoll, formerly of

room was decorated with palms and white roses, and the bridal party passed between aisles of white ribbon. Rev. W. J. Smith of Colborne street Methodist Church was the officiating clergyman. Miss Florence Mann of Toronto, piece of the bride's toilet as flower girl, wearing a pretty gown of Valenciennes lace over blue silk and carrying a basket of pink roses. Mrs. Albert Mann of Taunton, Massachusetts, played the "Wedding March." After the wedding déjeuner, which was served in a marquee on the lawn, Mr. and Mrs. Terryberry left for New York. The bride's going-away gown was of brown cloth with blouse of champagne silk.

Denison, costumer, 52 Carlton
street, will re-open for fall trade Aug.
25. Latest Parisian and New York
novelties.

An Enjoyable and Interesting Trip

To the World's Fair, St. Louis, on
fast express train leaving Toronto at
8 a.m. via Grand Trunk Railway,
equipped with through Pullman sleeping
and vestibule coach to St. Louis, via
parlor car to Port Huron, or take the
famous International Limited, leaving
Toronto at 4:40 p.m., which has through
Pullman sleeper to St. Louis and cafe
parlor car to Detroit. The cool weather
and the great crowds at the fair make
it a good time to go, and there is
an opportunity of visiting in Chicago;
Detroit or at any intermediate
Canadian station, as reduced rates in
effect to the World's Fair include these
privileges.Call at Grand Trunk City Office,
north-west corner King and Yonge
streets, for tickets and full information.

The Microbe of Old Age.

Dr. METCHNIKOFF, the cele-
brated bacteriologist of the Pasa-
teur Institute, has discovered
the microbe of old age. He did
not make this statement in
so many words, but that is just what
his theory comes to. He expounded it as
a scientific lecture on the subject of
"Senility," which was treated with
admirable lucidity and simplicity, and
was wholly devoid of sensationalism,
or of the dramatic elements which it
contained. What is old age? the lecturer
asked. He dismissed the theory that
senile decrepitude is due to de-
crease of reproductive power in the
cells of the organism, pointing out that,
on the contrary, certain cells such as
those of the hair, often display greater
activity in old age. The professor pro-
ceeded to expound his own theory,
which is that microbes are far from being all
harmful to the human body. We could
not live without them, and the good of
some of the beneficial bacteria called
"macrophagi," which spend their own
existences fighting the unfriendly mi-
crobes, and thus prolong our days. But it
now seems that the good microbe turns Turk after we have reached a
certain age, and the discovery of that
fact is the most important finding of
Rothko's theory. The macrophagi in question
reduces the latter organ to a state of
mammals. A radical remedy for the microbial
malady of old age would be the re-
introduction of the beneficial bacteria. Falling
that method, to which there are
obvious drawbacks, in the present state
of science at all events, Dr. Metchnikoff
recommends treatment by certain
foods, such as curdled milk, which will
introduce into the system bacteria
counteracting what he calls "our
internal fire." On the other hand, we
fruit and vegetables multiply, the flora
in question rapidly. However, the only
real antidote to old age will be an arti-
ficially-manufactured serum, which will
act directly on the microbes of senility.
Dr. Metchnikoff is engaged on re-
searches in this direction.When he finds it he lets us to expect
eternal youth, perhaps, but at least a
ripe old age, not only prolonged far
beyond the present span of man's ex-
istence, but free to the last of any
senile decay.

Father's Reward.

I've searched the magazines and papers
for all these many days, but I haven't found a poem that gives
father any praise.While mother sat beside the fire and
darned the children's socks,
Was father out hard working to
gather in the "wicks?"And when Benny had the fever, and
Hessy was so sick,
Who ran to fetch the doctor, and
brought him double quick?I would not rob dear mother of one
single line of praise,
For well she did her duty in child-
hood's anxious days;And all through youth she was a
mother ever kind and true,
But I've got a little bit of praise to
hand to father, too.How he worked and toiled and
grumbled, whistled, sung and
slept,Worked until his back was bent for
mother, home, and child!I am not cold or heartless because
mother's praise is sung,For I remember her sweet kiss on my
lips when I was young;But I also recollect a great big, burly,
manly form,Whose heart was where it ought to be,
whose smile was broad and

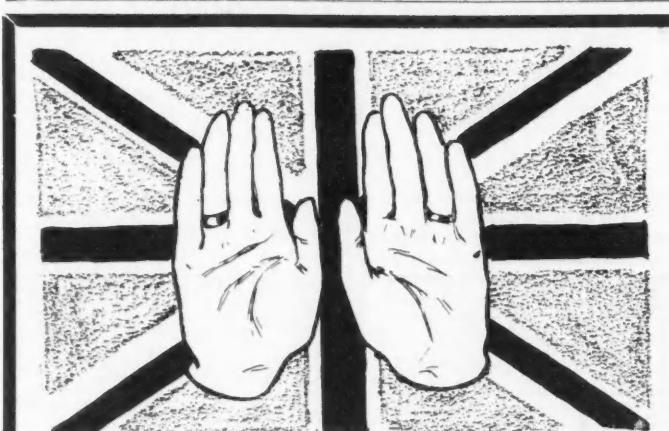
SPECIAL VALUE IN GOOD QUALITY

Suit Cases
at 9.00 and 10.00

Made of the finest quality of grain leather in set, brown and olive colors. Leather-lined shirt-pocket and steel frames. Extra fine brass spring lock and catches. 24 inches long.

No. 718, 6 inches deep, 9.00
No. 719, 7 inches deep, 10.00
Catalogue "S" is mailed free. It illustrates beautifully the special lines of Traveling and Leather Goods we make. Express charges paid in Ontario.

The Julian Sale
Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 King St. West, Toronto.



"Those Hands Upon the Flag"

(With apologies to the Toronto "Star's" political cartoonist.)

The cartoon which appeared in the "Evening Star" of August 5th was intended to carry a political significance only, yet to the majority of readers of that paper it suggested first the DUNLOP TIRE COMPANY's familiar trade mark, the "Two Hands." The incident which called the cartoon into print is now with the past, but the DUNLOP COMPANY has adopted the design as a pictorial emblem of the fact that DUNLOP RUBBER GOODS are made by British workmen.

ROGERS' FINE FURNITURE

Mahogany Dining-Room Suites

Our display of Mahogany Dining-Room Furniture is unequalled in Canada. It includes some exquisite examples in the Sheraton and Chippendale styles as well as some fine Colonial reproductions.

Our prices are much lower than importers can afford to quote because we build the furniture here in Toronto and save you both duty and freight.

During August we quote greatly reduced prices on everything in stock

The Rogers Furniture Co. Limited

97 YONGE STREET

The Central Business College.

We learn that this college attracted more than twelve hundred students to its various departments last year, and that fully ninety per cent. of them stepped out of the college into suitable positions in business houses.

This means much to the intending student, as he will get a certificate of thorough training and immediate employment, as no school could possibly place so many students unless

it enjoyed the full confidence of employers, such as this school has won by its unremitting efforts to turn out good products.

We understand the fall session of the college will open on September 1 next, and that those who propose to spend a term in it should apply early for registration. A request for particulars addressed to the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, will doubtless receive prompt attention.



Mr. Justice Harvey and Mrs. Harvey, who have been at the King Edward for several weeks, left Toronto last Wednesday for their Western home, which in the future will be at Macleod.

It really seemed in the month of July that all the cardinals in the city were in Detroit for brides and wedding guests, that the woman who chose to be married in any other month would be hopelessly out of fashion and the ceremony would be lacking in conventional prettiness. But the August brides seem quite content with goldenrod, sunflowers, and mums, who have chosen September are already planning for "autumn weddings," and the brides of October and November can turn exultingly to the chrysanthemum for picturesqueness. One rash girl elected to be married last Saturday, although the day is proverbially unlucky, and the thirteenth besides. Sheձellected on a white engagement ring and refused to wear "something blue." Such a tempting of all tradition ought to bring a small bit of ill luck, but those who know the two brave young persons refuse to believe in anything but their prosperity. The custom of throwing confetti is fast disappearing in favor of confetti, and soon a "handful of the best Patisse" will be a rare sight at a wedding conducted on the best modern principles. By the way, confetti may be a less stinging form of congratulation, but it clings to chiffon and lace for an extraordinary length of time, and refuses to be shaken off lightly.

Mr. Garnet Whitney, son of Mr. J. P. Whitney, M.P.P., is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvie J. Strong of Winnipeg are visiting Mr. Strong's parents in Earl street.

Mrs. George Kerr and Miss Estelle Kerr will sail from New York on September 3. They expect to remain in Paris for a year, where Miss Kerr will pursue her studies in art. Many Toronto friends have appreciated her clever work with her every success in artistic experience abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Percival Parker have taken the Kerr residence in Madison avenue for the year, while Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradley Gundy will occupy 316 St. George street, the former residence of Mr. Parker.

Miss Seymour of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Ridout, 250 Rusholme road.

Mrs. C. C. James is spending a few weeks in Cobourg.

Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss of "Earncliffe," Ottawa, is at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

Mrs. DuMoulin and Miss Frances DuMoulin, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alder Bliss at Chelsea, have gone to Montreal for a short visit.

The engagement is announced in Victoria, B.C., of Miss Violet Vernon, daughter of Mr. C. A. Vernon, to Lieutenant Blandy, R.N.

Captain and Mrs. Bruce Carruthers have returned to Kingston from Caledonia Springs.

Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, Miss Clark and Miss Beckett of Ottawa have been spending a few days at the Minnecogashene, in Georgian Bay. At midland Lady Elizabeth Cochrane was the guest of Mrs. James Playfair.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne has been staying at the Manoir Richelieu in Quebec.

Among the Toronto guests recently registered at the Minnecogashene, near Penetanguishene, are: Mrs. Henry Beatty, Miss Mary Beatty, Mr. Gordon Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Laidlaw, Miss Irene Wilson, Lieutenant-Commander L. C. Wilson, Miss Lillian Davidson, Master Robert Davidson, Mr. Ernest Gunther, Mrs. Rose Kilner, Mrs. W. C. Matthews, Miss Louie Matthews, Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis, Miss Bertha Jarvis, Mr. S. A. Anderson, Mr. Frank Wilson, Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. Broomey O'Reilly, Mr. A. White, Mrs. A. Brown, and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jephcott, Miss Kathleen Jephcott, Mr. H. Hooper and Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Anderson.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Penetanguishene are: Mr. Frank D. Dickson, Philadelphia; Mr. Ewan L. Cameron, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Rathom, Chicago; Lady Howland, Miss Bethune, Toronto; Mr. Murray J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Modale, Hamilton; Mr. J. D. Tait, Mr. Louis Bissell, Mr. W. H. K. Kykell, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Robins, Mrs. T. B. Robins, Master Tom Robins, Mrs. J. B. Welch, Mrs. E. James Medina, N.Y.; Miss Emily Welsh, Brooklyn; Mr. Graham Benedict, Albany; Miss Leslie, Minneapolis; Miss Cochran, Mr. G. L. La Bolteaux, Cincinnati; Mr. E. C. Welsh, Ithaca; Mr. W. B. Kingsmill, St. Thomas; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Whitney, Columbus, O.; Mr. M. M. Upson, New York; Mr. F. P. John, Miss A. Clark, Philadelphia; Mr. W. D. Ross, St. John, N.B.; Mr. A. Moysey, Miss Moysey, Miss Juliull, Mr. Roy Ivor, Mr. G. A. Simson, Mr. H. R. Drummond, Toronto.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Penetanguishene are: Mr. Frank D. Dickson, Philadelphia; Mr. Ewan L. Cameron, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Rathom, Chicago; Lady Howland, Miss Bethune, Toronto; Mr. Murray J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Modale, Hamilton; Mr. J. D. Tait, Mr. Louis Bissell, Mr. W. H. K. Kykell, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Robins, Mrs. T. B. Robins, Master Tom Robins, Mrs. J. B. Welch, Mrs. E. James Medina, N.Y.; Miss Emily Welsh, Brooklyn; Mr. Graham Benedict, Albany; Miss Leslie, Minneapolis; Miss Cochran, Mr. G. L. La Bolteaux, Cincinnati; Mr. E. C. Welsh, Ithaca; Mr. W. B. Kingsmill, St. Thomas; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Whitney, Columbus, O.; Mr. M. M. Upson, New York; Mr. F. P. John, Miss A. Clark, Philadelphia; Mr. W. D. Ross, St. John, N.B.; Mr. A. Moysey, Miss Moysey, Miss Juliull, Mr. Roy Ivor, Mr. G. A. Simson, Mr. H. R. Drummond, Toronto.

Mr. Gerald Aldous of Winnipeg Rowing Club, who was visiting friends in Ottawa and Montreal, passed through Toronto yesterday on his way home.

Mr. Thomas L. Church was in Ottawa last week on a trip up the Gatineau, the guest of Messrs. McGee of Ottawa.

Next Thursday night Mr. John Rummell, assisted by Miss Colhoun, Mr. Goad and Miss Crawford, will give an "Evening with Charles Dickens." The entertainment is to benefit the Willard Home for Girls, which is an institution deserving of every sympathy, which since its organization nine years ago has done a good work in protecting young girls who come to the city. The entertainment will be given in Guild Hall, McGill street.

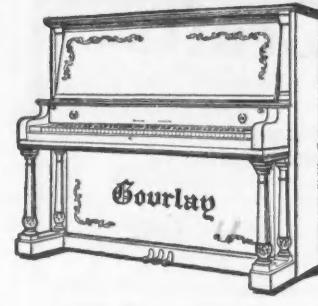
Among the guests at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, are: The Earl of Suffolk, Mr. Wilfred L. Hepton, Mrs. Bernard W. Williams, England; Mr. J. A. Watts, Miss Hall, K. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill, Miss Kingsmill, Mrs. E. G. Fitzgerald, Mrs. E. C. Morrison, Mr. J. C. Peyton Montmorency Clark, Miss Glass, Mr. A. L. Massey, Mr. C. E. Burns, Mr. A. W. Barnard, Mr. W. B. Downs, Mr. G. S. Beardmore, Mr. A. N. Pickett, Mr. G. W. Palmer, Mrs. G. W. Palmer, Mr. J. Cruso, Miss Irene Foy, Miss Pauline Foy, Mr. F. W. Strathy, Mr. H. P. Coleman, Mr. A. E. Boyle, Mr. G. D. McCullough, Mr. G. G. G. Fawkes, Mr. J. J. Foy, Mr. James Falconbridge, Mr. C. Burney, Mr. N. Green, Mr. H. Cloud, Mr. E. Burns, Toronto; Mrs. Gaw, Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, Hamilton; Miss Renner, Mr. F. W. Wright, Mr. A. B. Pendley, Mr. W. E. G. Bradley, Mr. H. W. Bowen, New York; Mr. G. Beals, Miss L. Sinclair, Mr. and

On the Grand Trunk are strictly first-class motor cars. These cars are now running on following trains from Toronto: 8:00 a.m., for Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis; 9:00 a.m., for Thousand Islands, Montreal and seacoast; 1:30 p.m., for Georgian Bay, Muskoka and Lake of Bays; 1:45 p.m., for North Bay; 4:10 p.m., for Niagara Falls and Buffalo; 4:40 p.m., International Limited for Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis; 6:00 p.m., for Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

If you have never tried the experience of a meal while traveling at 93 miles an hour, try it.

THE GOURLAY PIANO

HIGH PRICED



BUT WORTH ITS PRICE

The GOURLAY PIANO is not created for what is commonly termed "the popular demand"—a demand for an instrument at a low price—limitation which prevents the achievement of the ideal. The buyers whose demand the GOURLAY anticipates, are those who realize:

FIRST—The importance of a piano being built, not only on scientific principles, but thoroughly well constructed of the best materials and with the utmost skill and care.

SECOND—That approximate perfection is only attained through the highest degree of human achievement, and that this implies a relatively high cost.

The price of the GOURLAY is based on merit alone.

But it is not prohibitive, nor is it dear, when quality is considered. If you are interested, write for our new illustrated catalogue.

Time spent in examination of the GOURLAY is time well spent.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

188 Yonge Street, 33 Toronto

It May Interest You

to know that the service of the Niagara River Line steamer is not equalled in any part of the world, taking into consideration the distance traveled and the class of steamers. Six trips daily between Sunday. Leaving here by 7:45 a.m. and arriving at Lewiston by 10:30 p.m.; or leave the steamer at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and return by steamer "Chippewa," arriving in Toronto at 8:30 p.m.

The beautiful moonlight effect on the water now makes this trip one of real pleasure.

We are offering special rates to St. Louis Fair, using the rail lines from Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, the fastest and most comfortable way to the greatest Fair the world has ever known. Ask Niagara River Line for rates and advertising matter.

Finest of Equipment

On International Limited, leaving Toronto at 4:40 p.m., via Grand Trunk, daily, for Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis. Through Pullman sleepers to Louisville, Ky. Miss Open, Mr. C. Open, Mr. Benjamin Penton, Mrs. William Sizer, Miss Granville, Mr. Frank M. Wheaton, Mr. D. Hawley, Mrs. H. G. Grogan, Buffalo; Mr. Fawkes, London; Mrs. Spence Walker, Mrs. A. Walker, Norwich; Mr. Welland D. Woodruff, St. Catharines; Mr. T. A. Woodruff, Miss G. W. Picket, Chicago; Mr. W. W. Boomer, Louisville; Mr. Arthur Sinclair, Mrs. Traver Pittman, Mrs. Blanche Moore, Miss Open, Miss C. Open, Mr. Louis Kline, Mr. E. B. Collins, St. Louis; Miss Neff, Texas; Mr. J. Handcock, Mr. A. Lewis, Misses A. Stevenson, Mr. G. B. Morris, Pittsburgh; Mr. G. L. La Bolteaux, Niagara Falls; Mr. J. C. Boyer, Mrs. G. W. Kingsmill, St. Thomas; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Whitney, Columbus, O.; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Upson, New York; Mr. F. P. John, Miss A. Clark, Philadelphia; Mr. W. D. Ross, St. John, N.B.; Mr. A. Moysey, Miss Moysey, Miss Juliull, Mr. Roy Ivor, Mr. G. A. Simson, Mr. H. R. Drummond, Toronto.

Call at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, for tickets and full information.

One Hundred Miles in a Canoe.

With the opening up of New Ontario by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, which is now building towards James Bay, a party of Grand Trunk representatives toured through the Temagami country, and have just returned, having made a canoe trip of over a hundred miles through this magnificent territory.

Mr. H. R. Charlton, advertising agent; J. W. Swan, official photographer; accompanied by Mr. W. E. Davis, Jr. and three guides, started in at Temagami, about 300 miles north of Toronto and 75 miles north of North Bay, covering Lake Temagami, Lady Evelyn Lake, Willow Lake and adjacent streams, returning via the Montreal River and a chain of lakes leading back to their starting-point.

The party found that not only one of the finest trips on the continent, but the fishing is without peer. Bass, wall-eyed pike (dore) and pickerel abound in Lady Evelyn Lake, while in the tributaries from Willow Lake and all the streams to the north, speckled trout weighing up to three pounds are plentiful. The bass run up to five pounds, though some larger ones are occasionally caught. The whole country in this region, says Mr. Charlton, is second country and is practically virgin territory for the sportsman. The new railway, for a distance of 110 miles from North Bay to New Liskeard, will be in operation next year. Moose, ducks and partridge are also found in abundance, the party having seen during their trip numbers of each.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Agar—August 15, Toronto, Mrs. Edward A. Agar, a son.

Cotesworth—August 9, Toronto, Mrs. C. Cotesworth, a daughter.

Cuddy—August 12, Toronto, Mrs. Alfred Cuddy, a son.

Goodman—August 15, Toronto, Mrs. Joseph Goodman, a daughter.

Leeming—August 12, Hamilton, Mrs. Thomas Leeming, a son.

Marks—August 13, Port Arthur, Mrs. Geo. Marks, a daughter.

Molyneux—August 12, North Bay, Mrs. C. C. M. Molyneux, a son.

Nerlich, a son.

Ransford—August 15, Orillia, Mrs. Henry Ransford, a son.

Reed—August 8, Grace Hospital, Mrs. William Reed, a daughter.

Scott—August 15, Toronto, Mrs. Robert F. Scott, a daughter.

Sheppard—August 10, Espanola, Mrs. Mrs.

The Marshall



Sanitary Mattress.

Thousands of delighted users testify as to its comfortable, healthy and durable qualities.

It never sags. Get one and rest. See it at Simpson's.

Toronto. London. Chicago.

Harry E. Sheppard, a son.

Smith—August 15, Toronto, Mrs. Herbert Smith, a son.

Warren—August 15, Mrs. W. A. Warren, a son.

Marshall—

Mackie-Dingle—At the Presbyterian Church, Oshawa, on August 11, 1904, by the Rev. Charles W. Gordon Emery, fourth daughter of R. J. Mackie, Esq., to Guy Vivian Dingle, Winnipeg.

Chambers—Verrall—At the home of the bride's mother, Gaithero, Mich., Dr. S. Chambers' son, Toronto, Emma C. Verrall, daughter of the late Geo. R. Verrall, August 16, 1904.

Baldson—Foulds—Florence Foulds to Frederick C. Baldson, to Fredericton, August 16, Barrie, Florence Ethel Fletcher to Samuel G. Beckett.

Benson—Russell—August 8, Toronto, Marion May Blanche Russell to John Worthington, Berlin.

Burkill—Gartley—August 17, St. Catharines, Anna Rose Gartley to Allan Gartley.

Davis—Cavers—August 17, "Norlak," Oakville, Agnes Galt Cavers to William Blanchard, Danvers.

Henry—Harper—August 17, Sarah Harper to Frederick W. Henry.